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MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER V.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

A SUDDEN change came over the tone and style of Violet North's novel. It had opened in a gentle and idyllic mood, dealing with the aspirations of noble souls and the pathos of lovers' partings; it was now filled with gloom, revenge, and detestation of the world. The following brief extract may suffice to show the artist's second manner—and has other significance as well :

"When we bade farewell to Virginia Northbrook in a previous chapter she had been up to that moment supported by the companionship of one of the noblest of men ; but now, when she turned away, with the wild tears glittering in her eyes, she felt, alas ! what a bitter mockery the world was, and her young and ardent nature was shocked and wounded by the cruel selfishness of her fellow-creatures. All around her was gloom. No longer did the cheerful sun light up the emerald meadows of D—. Nature sympathised with her stricken heart ; even the birds were silent, and stood respectfully aside to see this wretched girl pass. The landscape wore a sable garb, and the happy insects that flew about seemed to be crushed with the dread of an impending storm.

"For why should the truth be concealed ? That cruel parting which we have described was wholly unnecessary ;

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it was the result of malice and selfishness on the part of those who ought to have known better ; they had determined to separate our two lovers ; and their cunning wiles had succeeded. Alas ! when will the heartless worldling learn that there is something nobler and higher than the love of mammon and the hypocritical gloss which they call, forsooth ! respectability ? Why should not two young hearts fulfil their destiny ? Why should they be torn asunder and cast bleeding into an abyss of misery, where hope is extinguished, and the soul left a prey to the most horrible horrors ?

"But the present writer must guard himself against being misunderstood in describing Virginia Northbrook's desolate condition. She was alone, and the cold world was against her ; but did she succumb ? No ! Her spirit was of firmer mettle. It was a singular point in the character of our heroine that whereas, with kindness, she was as docile as a lamb—and *most grateful* to those who were kind to her—cruelty drove her into desperation. When she parted from Gilbert and took her way home to C— G— her soul was more dauntless than ever.

"Do they think they have conquered me !" she cried aloud, while a wild smile broke over her features. 'No ; they will learn that within this outward semblance of a girl there is the daring of a woman !'

"Poor misguided creature, she was deceiving herself. She was no longer a woman—but a fiend! Despair and cruelty had driven her to this. Was it not sad to see this innocent brow plotting deadly schemes of revenge on those who had parted her from her lover, in deference to the idle prejudices of an indifferent world?"

"Yes, reader; you will judge as to whether she was or was not justified; and, oh! I appeal to you to be merciful, and take into consideration what you were at her age. We will reserve for another chapter a description of the plot which Virginia invented, together with the manner in which she carried it out."

At this point of her imaginary life, there occurred a considerable hiatus; for her real life became more full of immediate and pressing interest. Violet North dispossessed Virginia Northbrook. The details of the plot mentioned above must be put in, therefore, by another and less romantic hand.

First of all, this proud, wilful, impetuous and mischief-loving girl suddenly showed herself very meek, obedient, attentive to her school duties, and most clearly respectful and courteous to the chief mistress. Miss Main was at first puzzled and suspicious; then she was overjoyed.

"Perhaps," she said to the German master, "it is only to spite Miss Wolf that she means to take the Good Conduct prize, as she took the French and German last term; but if she makes up her mind to it, she will do it."

Then all the girls understood that Violet North meant to have the Good Conduct prize; and they, too, knew she must have it if she seriously meant to gain it.

Two or three days after this abrupt reformation, Miss Main said to the girl, in a kindly way,

"Miss North, why don't you go up to Mrs. Warren's, as you used to do? Amy has not told me they were from home."

"No, Miss Main," said the girl, with great respect, "they are at home. But but when I go up there, it seems a

pity I should have to trouble Mr. Drummond to come back again with me. It is such a short distance: he must think me very timid or foolish."

"Oh, I am sure," said the unsuspecting schoolmistress, "that need not bother you. The distance is very short indeed. You might easily run down here by yourself."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss North, very calmly. "That is very kind of you, Miss Main; for one does not like to be a trouble to one's friends."

There was less of calm respectfulness—there was, on the contrary, a proud and defiant determination—on her face when she went up stairs to her own room. There she sat down and wrote out three copies of the following mysterious announcement:

"*Violet.—Is G. M. ever about Champion Hill at five p.m.? V. would like to apologise for rudeness.*"

She must have contemplated beforehand sending these advertisements; for she was already supplied with postage-stamps for the purpose.

It was on the third day after this that Miss North met Mr. George Miller; and their place of meeting was the Champion Hill mentioned above.

"How odd you should have seen the advertisement!" said she, frankly going forward to him. There was no sort of embarrassment in her manner.

"What advertisement?" said he, amazed.

"Oh," she said, quickly altering her tone, "it was nothing—a mere trifle. I thought I had been rather rude to you; and I wished to apologise. So I put a line in the papers. Now I have apologised to you—"

"Yes!" said he, rather puzzled.

"Well, there's no more to be said,—is there?" she remarked, with some impatience.

"Do you mean that you wish to bid me good-bye?" said he, rather stiffly: he considered that this young lady's manner of treating him was just a trifle too dictatorial.

"Oh, I don't care," she said, indifferently. "What were you coming about

here for, if you did not see the advertisement?"

"I thought I might see you."

She smiled demurely.

"At the head of the school?"

"Any way. Even that would be better than nothing," said he: for she was very pretty, and he lost his head for the moment.

"Well," she said, with a burst of good-nature, "since I'm not at the head of the school, I will walk down with you to the foot of Green Lane. I suppose you are going home?"

"Y—yes," said he, doubtfully. "I wanted to tell you something, if there was an opportunity."

"Pleasant or not? If not, don't let us have it, please; I have enough of worry."

"You—worry?" said he, with a laugh. "You talk as if you were a woman of thirty. And, indeed, I think all this farce of keeping you a schoolgirl ought to be burst up. It is quite ridiculous. You ought to be at home, or in some one's house, where you would meet people and be allowed to make friends—instead of slipping out like this, and probably getting us both into trouble."

"I know," she said shortly. "What was it you were going to tell me?"

"I have found out a man I know in the City who knows Mr. Drummond," said he, "and he proposes to introduce us to each other—in an accidental way, you understand. Now, will that satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me?" she said, turning her proud black eyes on him with an air of surprise. "Have I been anxious to be satisfied?"

"I did not say you were," said he, testily. "You seem bent on a quarrel."

"Oh no, I'm not," she answered, with one of those quick smiles that could disarm even the awful anger of an outraged schoolmistress. "But you must always bear in mind, if you wish to see me at all, that the wish is on your side. As for me—well, I have no objection."

"You are very proud."

"No; only frank."

"Well, about Mr. Drummond—won't that satisfy everybody? I have been introduced to that lady—what is her name?"

"Warrener."

"Then I shall make his acquaintance; and if he is a friendly sort of man, I will ask him to dine with me; and very likely he will do the same by me; and I am sure to meet you at his house. Now is that all right?"

"No, all wrong," she said, with a charming smile. "They won't have anything to do with you."

"Did you tell them?" said he, with sudden alarm.

"Oh, yes," she remarked, speaking very distinctly. "I told them that I had accidentally made your acquaintance; that you seemed to wish to continue it; and that, if they chose, they could be friendly and take you under their charge."

"And what did they say?"

"They refused—too much responsibility."

"Then what do you mean to do?" said he.

"I?" she said, with a bright laugh. "I mean to walk down to the foot of Green Lane with you; and then go back to the school. Is not that good-nature enough for one day?"

"And after that—are we to consider our acquaintance at an end?"

"As you please," said she.

"Do you mean that you propose to continue this hide-and-seek way of meeting—this slinking round corners so as to avoid being caught? Of course, it is very romantic, but at the same time—"

"At the same time," said she, with a clear emphasis which rather startled him, "I mean to say a word to you that you must not forget. I cannot allow you to assume for a moment that I care a halfpenny whether I meet you or whether I don't. Do you think I wish to play at hide and seek? Now please don't talk like that again."

"Well," said he, rather humbly,

"I no sooner propose one way of putting an end to this state of things than you immediately say it is of no use, and seem rather glad. Perhaps you could tell me another!"

"Oh, dear, yes," said she, with great cheerfulness. "Why should we ever meet again anywhere or anyhow? Would not that solve the difficulty?"

"Very well!" said he, driven to anger by her indifference and audacious light-heartedness. "It is Better so. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand.

"And I am not to go down to the foot of the Lane?" said she, with mock-heroic sadness. "Ah, well! good-bye!"

"You know perfectly," said he, relenting, "that I am anxious we should remain friends; and what is the use of your being so very—so very—independent?"

"Then I am to go down to the foot of the Lane?" said she, with charming simplicity.

He burst out laughing.

"Well," said he, "I think you are the most irritating creature I ever met. But you will get cured of all these whims and airs of yours some day."

"And who will cure me, pray?" said she, with sweet resignation.

"I don't know; but somebody will have to do it."

By this time they were going down the steep lane; the young green of the hawthorn hedge on each side of them shining in the clear spring sunlight; the low-lying meadows and trees of Dulwich far below them and softened over with a silver-grey mist. In a few minutes more they would part at the foot of the hill; but there was no great premonitory sadness on her frank, young, handsome face.

"What is amusing you?" said he, noticing a sort of demure laugh under the beautiful dark eyelashes.

"Only the poor invention that men have," she said. "You are quite cast down because your scheme of being introduced to Mr. Drummond won't do. Why, a woman could get fifty schemes!"

"Then give me one," said he.

"I am only a girl. Besides—how often must I tell you?—it is not my place to do so. But I was thinking to-day how easily I could meet you if I liked—not for a few minutes, but a long time—"

"Could you," said he, eagerly. "Could you—could you get enough time to come for a long walk—or a drive?"

"I could get away for a whole day!" she said, boldly; but she added quickly, "if I wished it."

"Then won't you wish it!" said he. "Look what a splendid drive we could have just now—the best time of the year—and I would try to get some lady I know to come for you—"

"Oh no, thank you," she said. "I have had enough of introductions, and relatives and friends, and asking obligations. If I went out for this whole day it would be to show them how little they can control me if I take it into my head not to be controlled. As for going with you, I think I would rather go with anybody else; only there would be no mischief in going with anybody else."

The declaration was frank, but not complimentary: the short time he had known this young lady had been enough to make him wish she had just a little less plainness of speech.

"Well, will you do it?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I will," she answered.

"When?"

"Next Tuesday."

"And where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, you must drive up to Miss Main's for me, and come into the hall, and send a message."

He looked so horror-stricken that she nearly laughed; but she maintained a business-like air.

"Yes," she said, "is there anything more simple?"

"Surely you are joking! Do you mean to say that Miss Main would allow you to go out driving with me?"

"Yes, I do; what is more, she will probably offer you a glass of sherry and

a biscuit before leaving. If you take the sherry, it will give you a headache."

"But I don't understand—"

"Of course not," she said, with good-natured indulgence. "I told you that gentlemen were poor in invention. But you will see how easily I can arrange all this. I thought of it just to show people how little they know the determination—but I needn't speak about that. Well, here we are at the foot of the hill—good-bye!"

She held out her hand carelessly.

"I must walk back with you."

"No; a compact's a compact."

"Then I am to bring a carriage for you next Tuesday morning, and come right up to the door, and ask for Miss North? Is that all?"

"Yes. Come about half-past eleven."

Mr. George Miller walked away in great perplexity. He had a notion that this wild girl had a great fondness for practical jokes. Might she not be awaiting him at the window, along with her schoolfellows, to receive him with jeers?

But then, he reflected, she was not likely to play any such too notorious prank just after her narrow escape from expulsion. He took it for granted that he was safe from ridicule—which is always a young man's first thought—and then came the question as to the other risks he ran. This was no very safe project—to take a schoolgirl away for a day's drive, even though he could plead that she had made at least one effort to introduce him to her friends, and that he had made several to be introduced. On the other hand, was he to show cowardice where a girl was not afraid? He would have the finest pair of horses he could hire for that Tuesday morning!

As for her, she walked lightly and briskly up the hill—her fine figure giving her a freeness of step not common among schoolgirls—and made her way back to Miss Main's establishment. That patient and unsuspecting lady took it for granted that her pupil had been round at Mr. Drummond's house.

Violet North went to her own room, sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"CAMBERWELL GROVE, Thursday Evening.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I think it is very hard that your own daughter should know only by the newspapers of your return to town. Cannot you come over to see me on Saturday? And my money is nearly all gone.—I remain, your loving daughter,

"VIOLET."

Sir Acton North was an exceedingly busy man, who had not much time for the cultivation of his domestic duties; but he liked this wild girl, and sometimes considered it rather a pity she should have no home but a boarding-school. Busy as he was, he took a run over to Camberwell on the Saturday morning, and had first of all a few minutes' interview with Miss Main. Miss Main treated this big, broad-shouldered, white-bearded man, who had kindly grey eyes, and something of a Yorkshire accent, with very great respect. Replying to his inquiries about Violet's conduct, she only remarked that of late it had been excellent; she made no mention of the recent disturbance. She was more anxious to direct Sir Acton's attention to the brilliant greens of the chestnuts, elms, and lilacs outside, to show him that a healthier site for a school could not have been chosen.

Then Miss Violet came into the room, and the schoolmistress retired.

"Well, girl," said her father, after kissing her, "aren't you ever going to stop growing?"

"I have had plenty of time to grow since I saw you last," she said, with an air which showed her father that she had not at least outgrown her cool frankness.

"And what do you want with me?"

"I suppose a girl must wish to see her father sometimes," she remarked, "when she cannot have the pleasure of admiring her stepmother."

"O Vi, Vi," he said, with a laugh

which was not calculated to repel her free frankness, "you are as wicked as ever."

"Well, I haven't forgotten my fondness for you, papa," she said, honestly going forward and putting her arm round his neck; "so you must tell me all you've been doing, and all you're going to do."

"That will be too long a story," said he; "but I must tell you this—that before long I must go to Canada, and very likely I may have to stop nearly a year there."

Now what was it—some unnameable fear, some flash of a better instinct—which suddenly changed the expression of the girl's face, and made her cry out,

"Oh, papa, couldn't you take me with you?"

"For a year?"

"For twenty years, so that I am with you. I hate England so!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, child!" he said, good-humouredly, and releasing his neck from her arm. "Of course a girl must have fits of dulness at school; you'll get over these when you're a woman. So you want some more pocket-money? Is your last quarter's allowance run out already?"

She would not answer—she was proud and hurt. He would treat her as a child—he would not see she was in earnest in that sudden cry to be taken away from England.

"Well, well," said he; "put this in your pipe and smoke it, Vi," and he gave her a 5*l.* note, with no thought of the imprudence of trusting such a sum of money to the discretion of an impetuous schoolgirl.

Somehow a change had come over the manner of the girl, even in this short time. She had met him with that gay, defiant spirit that she commonly displayed towards persons whom she regarded with a special affection; then for a second or two she seemed to approach him with an unusual yearning of sentiment. Now she was proud, cold, matter-of-fact.

"Papa," she said, "will you excuse

me for a moment? I wish to speak to Miss Main."

She left the room, and went and sought out Miss Main. The schoolmistress received her with a kindly look; she was pleased when Sir Acton North visited the school.

"Oh, Miss Main," said Violet, in an offhand way, "can you let me have a holiday next Tuesday?"

Now what could the schoolmistress possibly think of such a request but that it was one of the utmost innocence, which she was bound to accede to? Here was a girl visited by her father, who rarely came to town. What more natural than that he should propose to take the girl away for a day?

"Certainly, Miss North," said the schoolmistress. "I suppose your papa will send for you?"

"I think it is very likely Mr. George Miller will call for me," said Miss North, with a business-like air. "Of course you know Mr. George Miller, Miss Main?"

"By reputation, undoubtedly. I wish there were more such as he in London."

"Well, they live not far from here; so it is very likely he will be good enough to call for me. May I have the pleasure of introducing him to you, Miss Main?"

"I should consider it an honour, Miss Violet," said the simple-minded schoolmistress; and Miss North knew she was in high favour when she was called Miss Violet.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Violet; and she was going back to her father, when she suddenly turned. "Oh, Miss Main, my papa has just given me some money; and I do think the feather in my hat is getting a little shabby. Would you allow Elizabeth to go down with me to the shops on Monday forenoon? I wish to buy a few things."

"I will go down with you myself," said Miss Main, graciously.

"Oh, that will be so kind of you."

"Well, girl, what do you mean by keeping me here?" said her father,

when she returned. "Do you know I have to be at King's Cross by two o'clock?"

"I am very sorry," she said. "Must you go now?"

"Yes; good-bye, child. Mind you write to me when you want more money."

She kissed him, and bade him good-bye.

"I will see you out, papa. Don't ask Miss Main to come: she is busy. Shall I see you before you go to Canada?"

"Of course, of course, of course! Ta ta. Mind you behave yourself, Vi, and let me know when your pocket-money runs out."

After he had gone, his daughter had to return to her classes and lessons; and it was not till the evening she found herself with a little spare time on her hands. She felt unequal at the moment to continue her novel, for the details of the dark plot that had been invented by Virginia Northbrook wanted deep consideration. But she had something on her mind; and she came to the resolution to put that down on paper, and subsequently to slip it into the story whenever she got a chance. Here is the passage in question, written with some appearance of haste:

"Virginia Northbrook hated deception; she positively loathed and abominated it. The present writer has never in all his life met with a human being who was as anxious as this girl to have a clear and shining candour illuminating her soul. And why? gentle reader, because she had inherited a heritage of pride—a fatal legacy, perhaps, but it was hers; and her ambition was to be able to look anyone in the face and say what she thought without concealment. Alas! we now find her compelled to stoop to subterfuges. Happiness had gone from her mind; horrid suspicion had built its nest there; the cold indifference of the world had stung her into a passion of revenge. What reaked she of the mad course she was pursuing, when, with a shout of demoniacal laughter, she called out aloud in her

own room 'Vive la bagatelle!' Let us withdraw for a time from this sad scene. The day may come when we may behold our heroine rescued from the unjust tyranny of heartless friends, and the honourableness of her heart's thoughts demonstrated to the light of day. But in the meantime—alas, poor worm!"

Violet North was so much affected by the sorrows of her heroine that she was almost like to cry over them; although, oddly enough, her sentimental grief seemed to wander back to her father's refusal to take her with him to Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

"SARAH, we must not leave that girl to herself," said James Drummond to his sister. He had put aside his wide-awake, and was engaged in brushing a far from shiny hat. "She is offended with us; she has not been here for some days; we shall incur a great responsibility if we let her go her own way."

"We shall incur a great responsibility if we interfere," said his sister, and then she rebuked herself for the selfishness of her speech. "Yes, I must go down to the school and see her. I am sure I wish she would go into some convent, or some institution of that kind, where she would be under gentle moral teaching and proper discipline. She is untamed—a wild animal almost—with some fine qualities in her; and yet I don't know what is to become of her."

"A convent!" said Drummond, with a loud laugh. "She would turn the place into a pandemonium in a week. To think of it now!—wouldn't it be delightful? Violet North in a convent! Fancy the scare of the quiet creatures when they discovered they had amongst them a whole legion of demons—as many as you see in St. Antony's Temptation—I should like to have a peep into that convent occasionally if she was there. Well, you'll go down to

her, Sarah. Don't preach at her: rather tell her not to make a fool of herself. Of course she is only hurt and proud; she cannot really care for this young fellow—what's his name?"

"George Miller."

"And yet don't lecture her about the folly of a young girl falling in love, or the danger of it, and all that. She won't believe you—no girl will. You might as well expect to keep servants away from the sherry decanter by sticking a POISON label on it. Don't try to frighten her; for there is nothing that girl will allow to frighten her."

Mr. Drummond put on his carefully brushed but not brilliant hat, and went out into the warm sunlight of this May morning. From the height on which he stood he could see, in the far distance, a low-lying mist of brown. That was the smoke of London City, into which he was about to plunge—with no good grace.

And yet when his old college-chum Harding, who had forsaken the paths of learning and taken to tasting teas as a more profitable pursuit, happened to beg of him to come into the City and have lunch with him, he rarely refused. Harding lived in some remote corner of Hornsey; so the two friends had but seldom an opportunity of seeing each other in the evening. On this last occasion Harding had been specially urgent in his invitation—"A friend of mine wants to be introduced to you," he had added.

Drummond called at the office in Mincing Lane, and his short, stout, brown-bearded friend put on his hat and came out.

"Who is the man?" said Drummond carelessly, as they went along.

"Who wants to be introduced to you? Oh, a young fellow called Miller."

"George Miller?" said Drummond, suddenly stopping on the pavement, with a frown of vexation coming over his face.

"Yes. Do you know anything of him?" said Harding, with surprise.

"Yes; I do. Did he tell you why he wished to be introduced to me?"

"No, he didn't."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Harding, it's—it's d—d impertinent of this fellow—"

"My dear boy, what's the matter? You do know him? If you don't want to meet him, there's no reason why you should. We can have lunch elsewhere. He asked me in an offhand way if I knew you—asked to be introduced, and so forth. But there is no compulsion."

"On second thoughts I will go with you," said Drummond, with sudden determination.

"I tell you, man, there is no compulsion. Let's go elsewhere."

"No, I want to be introduced to him."

"All right—the same as ever: flying round like a weathercock, jumping about like quicksilver."

They went into a spacious restaurant, where a large number of men, mostly with their hats on, were attacking large platefuls of rather watery beef and mutton. Harding was known to many of them; as he passed he encountered a running fire of pleasantries which he returned in kind. This was an ordeal which Drummond, who had frequently been with his friend to the place, regarded with a mild wonder. There was no one more ready than himself for fun, for railery, for sarcasm even of a friendly sort; but this sort of ghastly wit, with no light or life in it, but only a crackling of dry bones, rather puzzled him. Then he noticed that his friend was a trifle embarrassed in replying to it; apparently Harding had not got quite acclimatised in the City. There was neither humour, nor drollery, nor epigram in this sort of banter; but only a trick of inversion, by which a man expressed his meaning by saying something directly the opposite—a patter, indeed, not much more intellectual than the jabbering of inarticulate apes. It should be added, however, that the young men were very young men.

"Miller hasn't come yet," said Harding. "What is the matter between you two?"

"Nothing: I never saw him. But I know why he wants to be introduced to me. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, well, he is a nice enough young fellow, who has unfortunately got too much money in prospect, and consequently does nothing. But now, I believe, he is going into business—his father means to buy him a partnership."

"But—but—what sort of fellow is he?" said Drummond, who had no interest in the young man's commercial prospects.

"Well, he is fairly educated, as things go—much better educated than the idle sons of rich business men ordinarily are. He sometimes rather gives himself airs, as to his gentlemanly appearance and instincts, and so forth, if strangers are too familiar with him in the billiard-room up stairs, where they generally have an afternoon pool going on. He is inclined to look down on us poor devils who are in commerce; but that is natural in the son of a business man. He is free with his money—that is to say, he would give you a gorgeous banquet if he asked you to dinner; but it would take a clever fellow to sharp him out of a sixpence, and you don't catch him lending sovereigns to those hangers-on about billiard-rooms who are always ready to borrow and never remember to pay. I think on the whole he is a good sort of fellow. I rather like him. You see, he is very young; and you can put up with a good deal in the way of crude opinions, and self-esteem, and all that, from a young man.... I suppose other people had a good deal to stand at our hands when we were of the same age."

"You don't think he would do anything mean or dishonourable?"

"I think his own good opinion of himself would guard against that," said Harding, with a laugh. "Self-esteem, and not any very high notion of morality, keeps many a man from picking a pocket."

"And he does nothing at all? He has no particular occupation or hobby?"

"No; I think he is an idle, careless,

good-natured sort of fellow. Not at all a fool, you know—very shrewd and keen. But what in all the world are you so anxious to know all about George Miller for?"

Drummond did not answer; he seemed to have encountered some difficulty in the outset that was before him. At length he said, without raising his eyes from the plate—and just as if he were naturally continuing the conversation,—

"Well, Harding, I was thinking the most miserable people in this country are the lads and young men who are devoured by ambition—there are thousands and thousands of them, all hungering for the appreciation of the public, all anxious to have their stupendous abilities recognized at once. They cannot rest until their book is published; until they have been allowed to play Hamlet in a London theatre; until they have had a chance of convincing a jury and astonishing a judge. By Jove! if they only knew, wouldn't they be thankful for the obstacles that prevent their making fools of themselves! When they do rush into print prematurely, or get all their friends to witness their failure on the stage, what do they do but lay up in their memory something that will give them many a cold bath in after days! But I wonder which you should admire the more, the young fellow who is tortured with ambition, and would make a fool of himself if he were allowed, or the young fellow who is much more sensible—probably from a lack of imagination—and lives a happy and free and easy life? That is your friend Miller's case, isn't it? Now, don't you think that the young man who—"

There is no saying whether this speculation might not have led, had not Mr. Drummond been interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Miller himself. Mr. Drummond's quick, brilliant, observant eyes were instantly directed to the young man's face. It was a refined and handsome face. There was something pleasing in the modest blush which accompanied the simple ceremony

of introduction. So far the first impression was distinctly favourable; but Drummond remained silent, grave, and watchful while the younger man chatted to Harding, and explained the reasons for his being late.

Then young Miller turned to Drummond, and rather timidly began to talk to him. As Drummond was never known to remain in the same mood for five minutes at a time, he was least of all likely to do so when that mood was one of a cautious and critical severity; so that almost directly Harding saw him, in response to some chance and modest remark of the young man, suddenly brighten up into a laugh, while he retorted with a joke. Mr. Miller was, indeed, relating some stories he had heard as to the tricks of the manufacturers of spurious wines, a subject on which he seemed to have acquired some knowledge. He went on to make a few remarks on the constituents of this or that wine—remarks diffidently made, but obviously based on accurate information. His talk interested Drummond, who, by the way, was profoundly ignorant on the matter. He neither knew nor particularly cared how a wine was produced, so long as it was pleasant and wholesome. If it was pleasant and proved to be wholesome, he drank it; if not, he left it alone. He would as soon have thought of inquiring into the constituents of this or any other wine as he would of inquiring into the application of the money he paid in taxes. He never knew for what purposes he was taxed, or who taxed him; but he paid the money, and was glad to be relieved from responsibility. He lacked the parochial mind altogether; but he was altogether grateful to the vestries, or boards of guardians, or whatever other and occult bodies took upon themselves the task of local government.

Now the great respect markedly paid to him by young Miller rather flattered Mr. Drummond, who began to be interested in the young man. Moreover, was he not in a position of advantage? He knew Miller's secret aim; Miller

did not know that he knew it; if there was anything suspicious or underhand about the young man, he would have an excellent opportunity of finding it out. He was on the whole glad that he had resolved to come to the luncheon; he would not allow the young man to make use of the acquaintance unless he considered that advisable; while he was now in a better position to aid and counsel Violet North.

After luncheon they went up for a brief period to the smoking-room; and then Harding had to go back to his office.

"Mr. Drummond," said George Miller, rather shyly, "I believe you live over Denmark Hill way?"

"Yes; Camberwell Grove," said the elder man, amusing himself by watching the artless tricks of his companion's diplomacy.

"I live at Sydenham-Hill. I—I was thinking—you know you were speaking of old books—well, my father has what is said to be a very good collection—it was left him by a friend who went to India some years ago. Now, if you have nothing better to do, would you—would you—come out with me now and have a look at them? You might stay and have a bit of dinner with me too. Unfortunately our people are all down at the Isle of Wight just now; but the servants will get us something. I—I wish you would."

Mr. Drummond could have smiled. The poor young man!—he was working away at his little plot, unconscious how the master mind beside him was looking down on all its innocent involutions. He would humour the youth.

"All right," said he, "I shall be very glad. Only I must send a telegram to my sister."

So these two oddly consorted people went away down to Sydenham to the big, gorgeous, solemn, and empty house; and young Miller was as anxious for his guest's comfort as if he had been an emperor. And how respectfully, too, he listened to the elder man's monologues and jerky witticisms, and chance remarks suggested by the various volumes.

Much of it all was quite incomprehensible to him; but he did not cease to listen with great attention. Drummond came to the conclusion that Mr. Miller was a very ignorant young man, but decidedly intelligent, and laudably anxious to be instructed. Never had any prophet so humble a disciple.

He stayed to dinner too; and accepted with an amused condescension the young man's apologies for a banquet which was certainly varied and abundant enough. None of the wines seemed sufficiently good for so distinguished a visitor. The youthful host bitterly regretted he had not a better cigar to offer Mr. Drummond—the fact is, the box he produced had only cost 7*l.* 10*s.* the hundred. They went out on to the terrace to smoke; and sat down in easy-chairs, among fragrant bushes, under a clear starlit sky. If the young man had any prayer or petition to present, was not this a favourable opportunity?

"I suppose those lights over there," said George Miller, looking across the black valley to a low hill where there were some points of yellow fire, "are about where you live?"

"Yes, I should think so," said Mr. Drummond.

"I—I happen to know a neighbour of yours."

"Oh, indeed," said his wily companion, with an apparent indifference, though he knew what the young man was after.

"At least not quite a neighbour, but a young lady at a boarding-school—I—I believe you know something of her—Miss North is her name—"

"Oh yes, we know her," said Drummond, carelessly.

"Yes," said the other, with greater embarrassment, "so—so I have heard."

"You know her father, of course?" said Mr. Drummond, lightly—which was certainly not the remark that might have been expected to follow such a good dinner, such a good cigar, and so great an amount of attention.

"N—no, not exactly."

"Her friends then?"

Young Miller got out of his embarrassment by a bold plunge.

"The fact is," said he, "Mr. Drummond, I made her acquaintance in a curious way, and I have been anxious to get somebody who would do all the formal and society business of introducing us, don't you know; for she is a very nice girl indeed, and one likes to know such a sensible, such a frank, good-natured—"

"Oh, I see," said Drummond, apparently making a great discovery, "and so you got Harding to ask me to go into the City; and so you have asked me to come out here?"

There was no anger or impatience in his tone; he seemed only asking for information. The night concealed the colour that had fired up into the younger man's face.

"I hope you don't think it was impertinent of me," said he. "I am delighted to have made your acquaintance in any case—I hope you will believe that. I thought Miss North had probably mentioned my name to you?"

He made no answer to that; he said it was a beautiful cool night, and rose to stretch his legs.

"To tell you the truth," stammered young Miller, "I thought that—that, if you and I became friendly, I might have an opportunity, some time or other, of being introduced to her under your roof."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Drummond, coolly. "And with what purpose?"

"Well, one wishes to have a pleasant acquaintance—that is natural."

"I see," said Drummond, carefully breaking the white ash off his cigar.

George Miller waited for a second or two; surely this was a most unsatisfactory answer.

"You have not yet said—"

"Oh, whether I would ask you to meet Miss North at my house? Well, I see no harm in that. You only wish to make her acquaintance—there is no harm in that. But—but I will see about it."

"Oh, thank you."

Not very long after that Mr. Drum-

mond took his leave, declining at the last moment half-a-dozen cigars as big as walking-sticks which George Miller declared to be necessary to his comfort on the way home. When he reached Camberwell Grove he said to his sister,

"Did you see Violet North this afternoon?"

"No," she said; "the Kennaways came over and stopped the whole day with me."

"Don't go just yet, then. We must consider. I have met that young Miller, and a very decent young fellow he is, but much too young to be allowed to flirt with Violet North. Now if they were allowed to see each other occasionally, she is a shrewd enough girl to find out that he is rather a commonplace young man; and I think we ought to let them meet here."

"Oh, James, how dangerous!" cried his sister. "Only think what we may be accused of! Violet North will have money."

"That young fellow will have twenty times as much. However, I am sure the question will never arise. We will talk about this thing to-morrow."

Now "to-morrow" was Tuesday—that Tuesday on which Violet North had determined to put the whole world to defiance.

"Just my luck!" said young Miller to himself after Mr. Drummond had gone; "confound it! why was she in such a hurry? He would be willing to have us meet as friends at his house—that is quite certain—and everything would go smoothly enough; and now comes this pretty adventure of taking her away to Hampton, and there's no escape from that now. And a very nice mess we are likely to get into. If anybody sees us or finds it out—as somebody is sure to do."

CHAPTER VII.

A SUMMER DAY'S RIDE.

THE eventful morning arrived, and at an early hour Violet North went to the window of her small room, and, with

rather an anxious heart, drew up the blind. Behold! all around her and beneath her a world of green foliage, lit up by the early sunshine; a million flashing diamonds of light on the glossy ivy-leaves of the old red wall; black shadows from the broad laurel-bushes falling on the brown earth below; the white and purple lilacs, the tremulous yellow blossoms of the laburnum, the upright, cream-hued minarets of the chestnut-trees all basking in the sun; and two tall poplars, rustling their leaves in the light wind, leading the eye up to the wonderful expanse of clear blue above, where there was not even a white flake of cloud. She was satisfied.

She heard some one passing her door; she went to it hurriedly, and one of the servants turned on the stair and regarded her.

"Elizabeth," said she, "here is a shilling for you; and you must at once run away down to Camberwell, and go to Mrs. Cooke's, the milliner's, and don't you come away until you've got my hat, done or undone. Now, do you understand, Elizabeth? You knock at the door till they open; you get inside, and don't budge until they give you my hat. Do they think I am going without a hat?"

"Lor, Miss, they was to send it up at eight o'clock, and it is only half-past seven yet."

"But I know they won't send it. Now don't waste time, Elizabeth, but go and do as I tell you; and don't be argued out of the shop. That woman, Mrs. Cooke, will say anything to get you out; but don't you be a fool, Elizabeth."

When the two or three boarders came down to breakfast, they all knew that Violet North was going away for a holiday, and they were all anxious to see her costume. She was continually surprising them in that matter, for she had some skill in dressing herself, and yet many a poor girl who faithfully copied this glass of fashion could not understand how these costumes seemed to suit no one so well as they suited

Violet North. They could not even say that it was the larger pocket-money of a baronet's daughter which gave her greater latitude in adorning herself; for her dresses were devoid of every sort of ornament. They were the simplest of the simple; no tawdry flounces or eye-distracting bunches of ribbons; their only peculiarity was the studied tightness of their sleeves. But that which made Miss North's dresses seem to fit so gracefully was something outside and beyond the dressmaker's art: the workmanship not of any man or woman milliner, but of God.

She was in capital spirits. Anxious? Not a bit. There was more anxiety in the breast of a young man who, at that moment, was coming along the Dulwich-road in a carriage drawn by a pair of fine greys. He almost looked as if he were going to a wedding.

"Yes, Miss Main," said Violet North, going calmly to the window, "here is the carriage; and I see it is young Mr. Miller who has come for me. I would rather have introduced the father to you; but as it is, will you come down and see him?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Main, graciously.

The young man stood, hat in hand, in the parlour; and, if the truth must be told, with his heart for the moment throbbing rather quickly. He looked from the schoolmistress to Violet North as they both entered; the young lady was composed, smiling, and courteous.

"Let me introduce Mr. Miller to you, Miss Main," said she. "Your father is very well known, by reputation, to Miss Main, Mr. Miller; and she almost expected him to come for me this morning. But I suppose he had some other engagement."

"Y— Yes," stammered the young man; and then he added hastily, "are you ready to go now, Miss North?"

He was desperately anxious to get out of the house; he knew not at what moment he might make a blunder. That there was some mystification about was evident from Miss Main's innocent helplessness in the matter.

"Good morning, Miss Main," said

Miss North, "I dare say I shall be back about six."

When she stepped out into the sunlight, and saw the two grey horses before, she could scarcely refrain from smiling—it was very like a runaway marriage. And so thought the girls up stairs, who were all at the window; and who, when they saw the young lady in grey and dark brown velvet—with her grey hat now adorned with a bold white feather—handed into the carriage, could not help admitting that a handsomer bride had never been taken to church. And was not he handsome, too—the slender, square-shouldered young man, with the straight nostrils and finely-cut mouth? They drove away in the clear sunshine; and the girls were of opinion that, if it were not a marriage, it ought to have been.

George Miller heaved a great sigh of relief; he had not been at all comfortable while in that room.

"How did you manage it?" said he.

"Oh," said she, with a smile of triumph, "the easiest thing in the world! That dear good schoolmistress thinks we are going to some flower-show or other where your father, and my father, and everybody else's father are all to be together. Coachman!"

The man turned round.

"Would you please go through this lane and up Grove Hill?"

She did not wish to pass in front of Mr. Drummond's house.

"And did you tell her all that?" said he.

"Not I. She inferred it all for herself. But never mind that, isn't it fine to be off for a holiday, and what a holiday, too! I never saw this place looking so lovely."

They were driving along the crest of Champion Hill; and as there was a bank of black cloud all along the southern sky, against this dark background the wonderful light greens of the Spring foliage seemed to be interfused with a lambent sunshine. Here were young lime-trees, with slender and jet-black branches; tall and swaying poplars; branching and picturesque

elms; massive chestnuts and feathery birches; and now and again, looking into a bit of wood, they saw a strange green twilight produced by the sun beating on the canopy of foliage above. It was a Spring-day in look—the heavy purple in the south, the clear blue above, with glimpses through the lofty elms of sailing white clouds blown along by a western breeze!

"Where are we going?" said she, though, in point of fact, she did not care a straw; it was enough to be out in freedom, in the cool air and the clear sunshine.

"I thought of Hampton," said he, timidly. "The river is pretty there, and we must have luncheon."

"Are there not a good many Cockneys there?" said she, with an air of lofty criticism. "Don't they call it 'Appy 'Ampton?"

"You'll scarcely find anybody there on a Tuesday," said he.

"Ah, you thought of that?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

She was quite gracious; but somehow he was never sure that she was not joking. Was it not with some hidden sarcasm that this schoolgirl said "Thank you," with the high courtesy of an empress?

Suddenly she burst out laughing; and then he knew she was natural enough.

"If Miss Main should hear of this," she cried, "I do think she'll have a fit! It will be worth all the money to see her!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at in it," said he, "for to tell you the truth I don't see the necessity of your going on in this way."

She stared at him for a moment.

"Tell the man to stop," said she, with sudden decision. "I don't see the necessity, either, of our going on like this. I have had enough of the driving, and I can walk back."

"Now don't be foolish," said he, in a low voice. "Why won't you wait until I explain? I said it was unnecessary, for there is no longer any reason why we should not meet each other just

as ordinary people do. Mr. Drummond dined with me last night."

The announcement did not startle her as he had expected.

"I don't care," said she.

"But what is the use of risking trouble?"

"They goaded me into it," said she.

"Then do you mean to refuse?"

"Now," said she, impatiently, "what is the use of arguing and worrying on such a morning? I said I would go with you for a nice drive; and here I am; and now you begin to talk about difficulties and disagreeable people. Why can't you let well alone?"

He was effectually silenced; and that was not the first time he had found himself unable to cope with the pronounced character of this mere school-girl. Of course, he did not like it. There was a frown on his handsome face; and he sat moody and silent. After a bit, she looked at him, and there was a mischievous look of amusement in her eyes.

"Have I offended you?" she said.

"No; but you have been rude and impertinent," said he, angrily.

"Well, that is pretty tall language," said she, with a good-natured laugh, "to address to a young lady. By and by I shall find you following the example of Dr. Siedl. He called me a devil the other day."

"I don't wonder at it," said he, in his exasperation; and this confession so tickled her, and pleased her, that she got into a fit of laughing, which eventually conquered his surliness. He could not help laughing too.

"Do you know what an exasperating person you are?" said he.

"Well," she candidly admitted, "one or two people have hinted as much to me; but I always considered it jealousy on their part—jealousy of my superior sweetness. I do assure you I consider myself very amiable. Of course, if people choose to be disagreeable —"

"That means, if people don't give you your own way in everything, you will take it."

"Well, there is something in that.

However, let us say no more about it. I forgive you."

She settled herself comfortably in the carriage, the sunlight just catching the fine colour of her face, and the light breeze stirring ends and tatters of her masses of dark hair. If she was a run-away schoolgirl, there was little fear about her. She was criticising the appearance of the houses on Denmark Hill and Herne Hill as they drove past; she was calling attention to the pale purple blossoms of the wysteria hanging in front of the sunlit walls; or to the light, sunny, velvety green becoming visible on the upper side of the black and shelving branches of the cedars. What sort of people were they who had these houses? What was their income? Would Mr. Miller like to live there?

Then for a time they got away from the houses; and behold! here were beautiful green meadows yellowed over with kingcups, and hedges white with the may. Past some houses again; and into the long broad avenues of Clapham Park. Was not this Clapham Common, with its golden gorse, and gigantic birch-trees? They dip into another hollow, and rise again; and by and by they get well out into the country—the perpetual road of sunlit brown, the green fringe of hedge, the blue sky with its long flakes of white, and the musical monotonous patter of the horses' feet.

"So you saw Mr. Drummond last night?" said Violet. "Well, what do you think of him? No—don't tell me; for unless you admired him very much—very much indeed—you and I should quarrel."

"I thought you were rather offended with him just now!" said George Miller, with some surprise.

"You can be offended with people you admire and like, can't you?"

"Oh, I found him a very pleasant fellow—rather eccentric, you know—rather too much given to puzzling you about things—"

"He cannot help your not understanding him," said Miss Violet, promptly.

"As for that, I don't suppose he has all the wisdom in the world," said George Miller, who was only a young man, and quick to imagine rivalry. "And you must admit that he isn't very good-looking."

"I hate dolls," said Miss Violet. "I like men to be men—not dolls."

And now they had come—why, this easy, delightful travelling was like a dream!—to the high ground overlooking the far stretches of Wimbledon Common; and here indeed were two immense parallel plains, that of the fair blue sky above, and that of the black heath below, dotted here and there with yellow furze. Far away at the edge of the world there lay a ring of low-lying wooded country, that somehow seemed to suggest the mystic neighbourhood of the sea.

"What a fine scent the wind brings with it," said Miss Violet, "when it blows over the gorse! Why can't they bottle that instead of carnation, and peppermint, and such stuffs? Fancy getting a breath of country air into a London church. Do you like red hawthorn?"

"Yes, rather."

"I don't. It's too jammy. It looks as if it had been dipped red by a confectioner—I believe in the real white natural stuff."

"But the one is as natural as the other," said he.

"I am not going to argue," she retorted, with great condescension, "the weather is too fine."

With their youthful spirits and a joyous day, and a capital pair of horses, the time was passing pleasantly enough; but at this point their enjoyment was interrupted by a pitiful accident. They had got past the Robin Hood gate and were rolling along the valley. A woman was coming in the opposite direction with her two children—one in her arms, and one whom she had allowed to lag far behind. Now there was a cart laden with timber in the way, and as Miller's coachman drove to the right of the road to pass it, it unfortunately happened that

the child, a little girl, stumbled at the edge of the pathway and almost rolled against the carriage. She was not run over; but she struck her head against the hind wheel; and when Violet North, quick as lightning, opened the carriage door, jumped down, and caught up the child, blood was flowing from a slight scalp wound. The girl, who had caught up the child long before the mother could reach it, and who did not know that the wound was not very dangerous, was frantic in her indignation.

"You a driver?" she said, with her eyes flashing. "Why didn't you stop your horses? You—you—you're not fit to—oh, my poor child, I think we've murdered you!"

She ran with the child back to the public-house there—the mother not seeking to relieve her of her burden—and got water, and washed the wound, and tied it up as well as she could with linen they brought her. The coachman came in—he was explaining to the people that it was not his fault at all.

"Hold your peace!" she said.

Then she turned to the mother.

"Where do you live? Give me your address—I will come and see you—"

She quickly pulled out her purse—all this time her face was very pale and determined. George Miller interfered, and said—

"Here, my good woman, is a sovereign for you."

"She shall have ten sovereigns—she shall have twenty sovereigns!" the girl said, almost with a stamp of her foot, and with abundant tears rushing into her eyes. "Here, mother, is all the money I've got—I'm sorry we can do nothing but give you money. But I will come and see you—my father will come and see you—you go to a surgery when you get up to Wandsworth, and get a good doctor, and I'll pay him—now don't you forget; I will look after you."

"Thank you kindly, Miss," said the poor woman; and the men standing by, when the girl went out, said to each other "There, now, that's a real lady,

that is; that's none o' your fine, stuck-up gentry as is too proud to step down from their carriages; that's a real lady, that is."

The carriage was outside, and the coachman again on his box. She went up to him.

"I beg your pardon," said she, distinctly. "I believe I was wrong. I don't think you could have helped it."

"Well Miss, I don't think I could," said he. "But there's no great harm done—no bones broken. It'll only be a scar."

And so they drove on once more; but Mr. Miller was not at all pleased at the way he had been treated in that wayside public-house.

"How do you propose to get your father to go and see that woman? How will you explain your being here?"

"I don't mind that," she said.

"He could do no good. How much money did you give her?"

"Three sovereigns, and some silver."

"So she has got over four pounds on account of that cut. I don't think she'd mind having the whole of her family treated in the same way."

"If you had your head laid open," she retorted, "I wonder how much your friends would think a proper compensation."

They drove on for some distance in silence.

"I think," said he, "we are having a fair amount of quarrelling for a single day."

"But that," she answered, with a charming smile, "is only to show what good friends we are. Of course, if we had met each other at a dinner party, and then at a ball, and then at a dinner party, we should be excessively polite to each other. Would you rather like that? Shall we try—from here to Hampton? Shall I begin? *I beg your pardon, my dear Mr. Miller, but would you have the goodness to tell me what o'clock it is?*"

The abrupt change of manner, and the air with which she made the inquiry, caused him to burst out laughing; and this effectually put both into a

good humour, which lasted, with but few interruptions, the rest of the day.

On through Kingston and over the high-arched bridge—on by the wall and trees of Bushey Park—past the entrance to Hampton Court Palace—underneath the shadow of some mighty trees—and then round to an open green, to the river, and to a big old-fashioned inn, its walls all hanging with the blossoms of the wysteria.

"Have you courage to have luncheon in the ordinary coffee-room?" said he—as if she lacked courage for anything.

"Certainly," she said. "I like to see people; and I am not afraid of meeting any one I know. Oh, I say, if Miss Main could only see me now!"

When they went into the coffee-room they found there only two old maiden ladies, having bread and cheese and lemonade, a Frenchman and his wife, who was much older than himself, and an old gentleman who had fallen asleep in his chair. They were therefore fortunate in being able to get a table at one of the windows, so that they could turn from the dull red carpet and white curtains of the room to the great glowing world outside. Violet was very grave while luncheon was being ordered. She expressed her preference for this or that with a serious frankness. She had the air of a young woman on her bridal-trip, who is above all things determined to appear indifferent and at her ease, so as to make the waiter believe that she has been married from time immemorial.

"Then," said he, when the waiter was gone, "you will take a little champagne, won't you?"

"No, thank you," she said. "I like it, you know—especially if it is not too sweet—but I am not allowed to have anything more than a glass of sherry."

"Who can prevent you now?" he asked.

"My own self-respect," she said, with great suavity. "Do you think I would take advantage of Miss Main behind her back?"

Luncheon was put on the table; and No. 196.—VOL. XXXIII.

yet they could not bear to have the window shut down. Indeed, there was not much wind blowing in; for now all the ominous black clouds in the south had cleared away; a clear blue sky shone over the still and fair landscape; the world lay in the peaceful light of a summer forenoon. Violet was most unmistakably hungry; but she gave her luncheon only a divided attention. She was continually turning to the sunlit picture outside, a soft and dreamy picture without sound. For there was the long blue sweep of the river—a pale steel-blue, here and there broken by a sharp line of white. Out in mid-stream the wind caught the surface, and ruffled it into a darker blue; in under the soft green willows—which were glowing in the sunshine—there were smooth shadows of a cool, dark olive. On the one side these willows and meadows; on the other the ruddy road and corner by the Palace wall, with stately elms and chestnuts; in the far distance a softly wooded landscape all shimmering in the light. Could one catch the sound of that boat coming round the sweeping curve—the sunshine sparkling on the wet blades of the oars? There was a flock of ducks swimming in a compact body against the gentle current. Far overhead a rook—grown small by the height—was making his way homeward through the blue.

"And who are these?" she said, looking down on some six or eight young men who were crossing the road from the inn and making for the green banks by the side of the river. They were carrying bottles and glasses, and most of them had lit pipes or cigars.

"I should think they were the German fellows who were making such a noise up stairs."

"I don't call part-singing noise," she retorted. "I wish they had gone on. I knew every song they sung."

"I have no doubt you would like to have gone and helped them," he said, not very graciously.

"I could have done that too," she replied, simply. "My singing is not

said to be lovely by critics—envious critics, you know—but I am mad about German songs. Now look at that one who has lain down on his back, with his hat over his face: why doesn't he start a song? He isn't smoking, like the others."

"Perhaps you would like to go and ask him?" he suggested, rather savagely.

"I would, really," she replied, quite innocently. "You don't know how fond I am of the German choruses. Don't you know '*Gaudeamus*'?"

"If you would prefer to go and make the acquaintance of those gentlemen——"

"In the same manner I made yours?" she remarked.

"Do you mean that any one——" He was obviously getting annoyed again; and she interposed.

"There is nothing," she observed, "of gratitude in the human breast. Here have I run the risk of the most tremendous disgrace—worse than that, I suppose I shall have solitary confinement and bread and water for three months—all to give you the pleasure of any society for a few hours; and the return is that I am thwarted, crushed, argued at every turn——"

"You are likely to be crushed," he said.

"Why, I only wanted them to sing some more songs to please you. I know the songs, every one of them, by heart. Why should I——Oh!"

She threw down her knife and fork, and clasped her hands together in delight.

"Don't you know what that is?"

One of the young fellows, lying stretched at full length on the grass, had been tapping time with his stick, on an empty bottle, to an imaginary tune. Then he had taken to whistling, which he suddenly abandoned in order to bawl out, in a strong, careless, deep bass voice,

"Was kommt dort von der Höh',
Was kommt dort von der Höh'!"

and then the full chorus burst in upon him, not very musically for some of the young men tried to keep their pipes in their mouths—

"Was kommt dort von der ledernen Höh',
Sa, sa! ledernen Höh',
Was kommt dort von der Höh'!"

"Oh, you nice young men!" cried Violet North. "Oh, you nice young men, don't stop!"

But they did stop; the foxy chorus had less novelty for them than for her; and in fact this young fellow had bawled out a line or two of it out of pure idleness and laziness. Some talking ensued; with here and there a faintly-heard burst of laughter. Suddenly the deep-voiced young man called out

"Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,
Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten sie ein,"

and there was another scramble for the chorus—

"Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten sie ein."

Every one knows that Uhland's story of the three students is among the most pathetic of ballads; but what pathos was there possible to those stalwart young fellows with their lusty throats, their tobacco, and beer and wine? And yet the distance softened the sound—the beautiful air had its own message of sentiment with it—in the still sunshine and by the side of the cool river, the various voices seemed harmonious enough.

"Oh!" said Violet, "if they would only bestir themselves, and sing properly! I am sure they belong to some choral society. Why don't they sit up, and throw their nasty pipes into the river!"

Not they: they lay, and laughed, and sang snatches of chorus—idle as the summer day around them. Of course, they sang of the Lorelei, though there was here no gloomy and impending rock for the mystic maiden to sit on in the evening light while the soft tones of her harp lured the mariner to his fate. They sang a jödel song, the jödeler having all the air to himself; the others merely chanting a rhythmic and deep accompaniment, as is the fashion of the Swiss workmen when they are walking home in the evening. They devoted themselves to a couple of drinking songs, and

then they got back to the region of sentiment with the Tyrolese lover's "Herzig's Schatzerl, lass dich Herzen." Violet had been getting more and more impatient. She had finished her luncheon—or rather had neglected it for the singing, and the sunlight and the green foliage without. She had not been a talkative companion.

"Can't we go out now?" she said.

"I suppose you want to get nearer to those German fellows?" said he.

"Yes," she answered. "I cannot hear them very well at such a distance."

"Just as you like, then," said he, with no great warmth of assent. "Of course we shall have to come back here."

She went to get her shawl, and then the two of them passed down the stairs together. Alas! what was that she heard as she got into the hall? She could only hear the air; but she knew the words they were singing—

"Wohlauf! ist getrunken den funkelnden Wein,
Ade! ihr Gebrüder, geschieden muss sein."

Why "Ade!" just as she was coming out to see and hear something more of them? Indeed, when she went out to the front steps, the tall youths had all got to their feet, and a waiter was bringing back empty glasses and bottles.

"They are going," she said, with some disappointment.

"Yes," said he, "did you think they were going to perform the part of Ethiopian serenaders the whole day?"

"What shall we do now?" she asked: her musicians gone, she was ready for anything.

"Let us go in and see the gardens, and the fountains, and the fish. Then there is the maze, you know."

"I have heard of that," she said, with some grandeur. "That is the place that maid-servants like to lose themselves in, when they go out for a holiday. Thank you, we will do without the maze."

They went round and into the Palace, and behold! before them were the German youths, straying about the

courts, and apparently having continual trouble with their double eye-glasses. They were in the main stalwart, straight-limbed, good-looking young fellows, though they wore very light trousers which were too short for them, and brilliant neckties which a milliner's girl would have coveted, and had had their heads, to all appearance, shaved on some recent occasion. But Miss North seemed to take but little interest now in the young men; she scarcely noticed them.

Among the few visitors, however, who were walking in the gardens behind the Palace, there were two whom she did particularly notice, and that in a very curious and wistful fashion. These were an old blind man, with long snow-white hair, and a small girl, probably his grand-child, who was leading him about, and chattering to him about all the things she saw. Violet North and her companion were sitting on a seat which was in the cool shadow of a black yew-tree; and from this darkened place they could well see the blazing gardens all around them and the bright figures that walked about in the sunshine. Wherever the old man and the child went, thither the eyes of Miss North followed them. How quiet the place was—the only sound that of the plashing of the fountains—the repose of the old-world garden seemed to invite to thinking. There was a sleepiness about those dark yews that flung their black shadows on the burning green-sward. It was a comfort to the eyes that those yellow and scarlet flower-beds, that flamed in the sunlight, were remote; here, close at hand, there was but the grateful shadow, and the dark green under the branches, and the slumberous plashing of the waters.

"Do you see that little girl leading about the old man? She is describing to him everything she sees—the gold-fishes in the pond, the butterflies—everything. Do you know what I should do if I were that girl, and if he were my father?"

He looked at her; he had never heard her speak in this tone before.

"I should tell him lies!" she said, with sudden bitterness. "I should go and tell him lies, and deceive him, and take advantage of his blindness. And he would believe me; for how could he suspect that I would be so mean?"

"I—I don't understand you," said he.

"Well," she said, with a careless gesture, "we have had our holiday; never mind."

And yet her eyes still followed the old man and the child.

"I wonder," she said, absently, "whether, if you break the confidence people have in you, you can ever restore it? Or is it all done for; and you can't go back?"

He looked at her once more: she was quietly crying.

"Violet!" said he, "what is the matter?"

"I am beginning to think what I have done, that is all," she said, trying to conceal her tears; "and it is never to be undone now. And all for what?—a drive and a look at some flowers; and now I can never look my father in the face again, nor the only friends I have in the world, nor Miss Main, nor anybody."

"They—they needn't know," he said, hesitatingly.

"Don't I know myself?" she said, vehemently. "Can anything be worse than that? And I never was so mean as to deceive any one before—and—and—oh! I can't bear to think of it!"

"You must not think so much of all this," said he soothingly. "The fact is, you are very proud, and what annoys you wouldn't disturb anybody else. It was scarcely fair, I admit, to go and deceive those people, or rather let them deceive themselves; but after all it was only a bit of fun—"

"Yes," she said, rapidly. "It was that at the time—it was that all to-day—but now that we have had our adventure comes the price that has to be paid for it. Do you know what I would give to have those last few days cut out of my life altogether? That is the worst of it: you cannot forget."

"It isn't so serious as all that," he pleaded.

"Not to you," she answered.

He certainly perceived that what delight was to come of this adventure had passed away; all the gay and careless audacity had fled from her manner; she seemed to be brooding over her self-humiliation. It was no use arguing with her; she was much too sharp in her replies for him. He began to think they might as well drive back to London.

She pulled out her watch.

"Could your man get me up to London by half-past five?"

"Certainly, if we start now."

"And would you mind leaving me anywhere in the neighbourhood of Euston Square? You can go home then, you know."

"But how about Miss Main?" said he, in surprise.

"Never mind her; I will arrange about that."

"All right," said he, "we must return to the inn at once."

It was a sultry afternoon as they drove back along the dusty highways to the great town they had left in the morning. A light brown haze had come over the sky; and the sun, that had got a coppery tinge, threw a curiously ruddy light on the highway, where the shadows of the trees were purple rather than grey. There was no wind now; the air seemed to choke one; the birds were hushed; everything promised thunder.

"You mean to go and see your father, I suppose," said he.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "This, at least, I can do—I can go and confess to every one whom I have deceived, and ask their pardon—every one. What they will think of me afterwards—well, I cannot help that. I should have thought of that before undertaking this piece of folly."

"I don't see why you should bear all the blame, and take all the punishment," he said. "I will tell you what I will do, if you like: what if I go up to your father's with you, and tell him the whole story? I will if you like."

"You would?" she said, with her face brightening.

"Certainly."

"I like you for that," she said, frankly. "But of course I cannot allow it. You had nothing to do with it at all. It isn't the mere running off for a day that I regret—that was mere stupidity—but the horrid cheating—it is that I can't get over—"

"That is merely because you are so proud."

"It does not matter how or why it is, so long as it is there. I am what I am; and I hate myself—I shall continue to hate myself until I have confessed the whole thing, and left it with them to forgive me or not, as they please. And if they do, will they ever be able to forget? No, no: this piece of fun—of ridiculous nonsense—has done something that is not to be undone, I know that."

"Come, I say," he remonstrated, "you are really taking the thing too much to heart. Is there no sort of condoning a mistake in the world? Is everything you do to stick to you for ever? I think that would be uncommonly hard."

"Tell your man to go as fast as he can:" that was all the answer she made—and yet it was said wistfully, so that he took no offence.

In due course of time they got up into the hot air of London: the ominous sky was clearing, but the sultry closeness still remained. When they reached the neighbourhood of Euston Square, she asked to be set down; and then she held out her hand, and bade him good-bye.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Perhaps never," she answered; and then she added, with a smile, "Don't ask me to make any more appointments at present. There has been enough mischief out of that."

"I mean to see you soon," said he, with some firmness; and then he drove away.

She walked up to the door of her father's house, and rang the bell. Her heart was beating violently.

"Is Sir Acton at home, George?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man; and then she walked in and through the hall.

She found her father in a room the walls of which were almost covered with plans and maps, while the table was littered with all manner of papers. When he looked up it was clear that his mind was deeply engaged on some project, for he betrayed no surprise at finding her standing there.

"Well, Violet, well?" he said, absently. "I will see you at dinner: go away now, like a good girl."

If he was not surprised to find her there, he was sufficiently startled by what followed. Before he knew how it all happened, he found the girl down on her knees beside him, hiding her head in his lap, and crying wildly and bitterly. What could it all mean? He began to recollect that his daughter had not been expected to dinner.

"My girl, my girl, what is all this about?" said he.

She told him, with many sobs, the whole story—every particular of it, and eagerly putting the whole blame on herself. To tell the truth, Sir Acton was not so very much shocked; but then the story told by herself would have sounded differently had it reached him as a rumour at second-hand.

"That is all, then?" said he. "You have just come back from that foolish excursion? Well, well, you did right to come to me. Just let me see what's to be done; but you did right to come to me."

Perhaps at the moment some notion flashed across his mind that he had not quite given the girl that measure of paternal advice and protection which was her due. Nor indeed was it easy for him to say offhand what he should do now; for his mind was still filled with particulars of a Canadian railway, and there was scarcely room for the case of this runaway schoolgirl.

"Bless my soul, now," said he, "I—I don't know what we had better do—"

"Oh, papa!" she cried, with the

beautiful dark eyes, still wet with tears, looking up imploringly to his face, "take me with you to Canada! I asked you on Saturday—and if you had said yes then, I should have been so happy. I want to go away from England—I hate England—I don't care how long you are away. Papa, won't you take me with you to Canada?"

He put his hand on her head; was there some look of her mother in those earnest, entreating eyes?

"I will do anything you really wish, Violet," he said, hurriedly. "But you don't know what this means. I may be away longer than I expect at present—perhaps eighteen months or two years."

"Oh, papa, that is just what I want—to be away for a long, long time, or altogether—"

"But the travelling, Violet. We should have to be continually travelling immensely long distances, with little time for amusement and sight-seeing. And we should occasionally get into places where the hotel accommodation would doubtless frighten a London-bred young lady."

"It won't frighten me," she said; and there was a happy light shining through her tears: for had he not used the word "we?"

He got up and began to walk about the room; she stood for a minute or two irresolute, and then she went to him, and put her head in his bosom, so that he put his arms round her.

"Papa, I will be such a good companion to you—I will copy all your letters for you—and I will get up in the morning and see that the people have your breakfast for you—and I will take charge of all your clothes and your papers, and everything. And I don't want to go sight-seeing—I would far rather see railways, and coal-mines, and engine-houses—and I don't need any outfit, for I can wear the dresses I have—and if there is any great expense, papa, you might give me 10*l.* a year less until you make it up—"

At this he burst out laughing; but it was rather a gasping sort of laugh;

and there was just a trace of moisture in his eyes as he patted her head.

"I think we might scrape together the few pounds for your travelling without starving you," said he.

"Then you will let me go with you!" she cried raising her head with a great delight shining in her face.

He nodded assent. Then she put her arms round his neck and pulled down his head, and said—

"I have something to whisper to you, papa. It is that I love you; and that there is no other papa like you in the whole world."

"Ah, well," said he, when she had released him, "that being settled, what do you propose now, Miss Violet?"

"Oh," she said, "now I have confessed everything to you, and you have been so good to me, I am not so anxious about other people; but still I have to go and beg them to forgive me too—and I will go on my knees to them all if they wish; and then, papa, I must tell Miss Main that I am going to Canada. When do we go, papa?"

"Will three weeks hence be too soon for you?"

"Three days wouldn't."

"Then between a fortnight and three weeks."

She was so overjoyed and grateful that she gladly consented to stay to dinner—a telegram having been sent to Miss Main—and she even condescended to be civil to Lady North and to her rather ugly half-sisters. After dinner she was sent over to the school in her father's brougham.

She made her peace with Miss Main, though that lady was sore distressed to hear that she was about to leave the school and go to Canada. Then she went up to her own room.

She threw open the window; it had now begun to rain; and there were sweet, cool winds about. In the dim orange twilight of a solitary candle, she got out from her trunk the leaves of her MS. novel; and these she deliberately tore to pieces.

"You sham stuff, that is an end of you," she seemed to say, "you must

pack off along with plenty of other nonsense. I have done with that now; you were good enough as the amusement of a schoolgirl; the schoolgirl casts you aside when she steps into the life of a woman."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLAND, FAREWELL!

"WHEN does she go?" asked James Drummond of his sister: he was rather moodily staring out of window.

"To-morrow they go down to Southampton; and I think they sail next day. All the school is in a terrible way about it; Amy has been having little fits of crying by herself these two or three days back. She says that the whole of the girls came and asked Violet for some little keepsake—and, of course she would part with her head if it was asked of her—and now they mean to present her with some book or other, with their names written in it. Dear, dear me, what will our Amy do? I am glad she had sufficient sense not to accept Violet's watch—the notion of one girl coolly offering another a gold watch!"

"We shall miss her too," said Mr. Drummond; he was apparently not overjoyed at Violet North's approaching departure.

He turned impatiently from the window.

"Do you know," said he—with a look of anger which would have frightened anybody but his sister, who knew his ways—"do you know what mischief is likely to be done the girl by this two years' trip? Look at her now—a wild, headstrong, audacious school-girl just entering the period in which her character as a woman will be formed. And at this moment, instead of letting some soft womanly hand smooth down the angles of her character—instead of submitting her to all sorts of gentle influences, which would teach her something of the grace and sweetness of a woman—they carry her off among a mob of railway-directors, with their

harsh, mechanical ways, and their worship of money, and their loud and bragging self-importance. Why, the girl will come back to England, if ever she comes back, worse than ever——"

"Do you think her so very bad at present?" Mrs. Warrener remonstrated, gently. "I thought you were very fond of her."

"And I am," he answered. "And there is a great deal about her that is to me intensely interesting, and even fascinating; while there is much that can only be tolerated in the hope that years will eradicate it. It was all very well to be amused by her rude frankness, her happy thoughtlessness, and that sort of romantic affectation she sometimes played with, while she was a schoolgirl; but would you like to see all these things in the woman?"

"She must grow wiser as she grows older," his sister said, fighting a losing battle in defence of her friend.

"No doubt; but will she grow gentler, sweeter, more womanly? Her father, I dare say, thinks he is doing her a kindness; he is doing her a great injury."

"You don't like to part with her, James," his sister said, with a smile.

"Certainly I don't. I had some notion of asking her father to let her come and stay with us, when she left school, and she was bound to leave it soon. If we could have got her with us to the Highlands, and kept her there for a couple of months, she would have got familiarised with us, and stayed on indefinitely."

Mrs. Warrener was quite as impulsively generous as her brother; but she had to do with housekeeping books and tradesmen's bills; and she ventured to hint that the addition of another member to their household would affect their expenditure to a certain degree. He would not hear of that. The frugal manner in which they lived surely left them some margin for acts of friendliness; and if Violet North were to come to live with them, she was not the sort of girl to expect or appreciate expensive living.

"But there is no use talking of it," he said, with a sigh. "When she comes back, we shall see what sort of woman she is."

"That is part of your regret," said his shrewd sister. "You were always interested in the girl—watching her, questioning her, studying her—and now, just as the study was about to reach its most interesting point, she is seized and carried off. Perhaps it will not turn out so badly for her after all—I am sure I hope so, for I cannot help loving the girl, though she has never been a good example to set before our little Amy."

"I think," said Drummond, suddenly, "I should like to go down to Southampton and see her off. The poorest emigrant has friends to go and bid him good-bye. I doubt whether she will have a single creature to shake hands with her the day after to-morrow."

"Won't Mr. Miller be there?" his sister suggested.

"No: when he learned that she had promised neither to see him nor to write to him before leaving, he very fairly said that he would not try to get her to do either. And it was very straightforward of that young fellow to go up to her father and ask his pardon. I think we must get him over to dinner in a day or two."

"Yes," said his sister, with a smile, "now they have taken Violet away from you, you can begin and dissect him."

"There's is more commonplace material there," said Drummond, indifferently, as he went away to get a railway time-table.

And now the hour came at which Violet North had to leave that tall house in Camberwell Grove which had been her home for many a day; and there was her father's brougham at the door and a cab to take her small store of worldly possessions. The girls had begged leave to go out into the bit of front garden to see her off; she came down among them, and there was a great deal of hand-shaking, and kissing,

and "Good-bye, Violet," going on. It was a trying moment. For these last two weeks she had been released from all tasks; and had already assumed the airs of a woman. She had been very dignified and gracious with her former companions—a little conscious of superiority, and proud of Miss Main's proffered society and counsel—and inclined at times to beg of this or that girl to be a little less unruly, and a little more mindful of the proper demeanour of a young lady. Now she was only Violet North again. Her attempt at playing the woman quite broke down; she was crying bitterly as she got into the carriage, where she huddled herself away ignominiously into a corner, and hid herself from the eyes of her companions who were waving their handkerchiefs after her.

But she was not crying when she stood on the white decks of the great steamer, and watched the last preparations being made for leaving England. It was a brilliant and beautiful forenoon, the sun scattering millions of diamonds on the slight ripples of the water, a fair blue sky overhead. She was proud, glad, impatient to be off: the new excitement had brought such a colour to her face and such a brightness to her eyes, that several of the passengers looked at this remarkably handsome girl and hoped she was not merely a visitor.

"I must be getting ashore now," said Mr. Drummond to her; and then he added, with the old friendly smile, "are you sure you have no other message than those you have given me?"

"Do you mean for Mr. Miller?" she asked, looking down; and then, as he did not answer, she continued, "Yes, I have. Tell him I am obliged to him for all the fun and mischief I had; but that is all over now. Oh, Mr. Drummond, isn't it fine to be able to cut off all that and get away quite free? I am so glad to be going! And when you see me again, I shall be quite a reformed character."

"Good-bye, Sir Acton. Good-bye, Violet: don't you forget to write to us."

Shyly, like a schoolgirl, she took his hand; and yet she held it for a moment, and her voice rather faltered as she spoke—

"Good-bye. You have been kind to me. Try not to—to think badly of me. And—and indeed you have been so kind to me!"

Two or three hours afterwards, all that Violet North could see of England, was a long low line of blue, with here and there an indication of white; and now it seemed to her that she did not hate her native country at all. That is what distance does for us: the harsh and bitter features of this or that experience are slowly obliterated and memory begins to look kindly on the past. England was to

her no longer a place of squalid streets and noisy harbours, of smoke, and bustle, and din; but the fair old mother-country, proud and honourable, the beloved of many poets, the home to which the carrier-pigeon of the imagination was sure to return with swift wings from any other point of the earth. She had been glad to get away from England; yet already her heart yearned back to the old, joyous, mischievous life she had led, and it did not seem wretched at all. The new dignity of woman's estate did not wholly console her; for now she was crying just like any schoolgirl, and like a schoolgirl she would accept of no comfort in her misery.

To be continued.

WARD'S ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE.¹

MR. WARD presents us with a useful and interesting book at a very convenient season. Many circumstances combine in rendering such a work just now most desirable. The best materials hitherto at hand either apply to individual dramatic writers, or deal only with particular periods of our national stage. Excellent as Mr. J. Payne Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry* is, it does not include the time of Shakspeare. Of his immediate successors, and the dramatists of Charles I.'s reign, there are no very satisfactory accounts, while after the Restoration and until the end of Queen Anne's reign the annals are either meagre or scattered through many sources. Again, within a few years there have been published so many new or revised editions of the older English dramatic poets, that some connecting chain for these has become necessary; and this chain is now supplied by Mr. Ward. He leads the reader up from the cradle of English dramatic literature to the period when tragedy was on the decline and a new species of comedy in the ascendant.

We cannot perhaps deal better with the volumes before us than by following their author's own arrangement. Inasmuch however as they contain no fewer than 1,224 pages, it is necessary to practice economy in the brief sketch we can afford to give of them. The chapter which treats of what may be termed archaeological topics, the era of the mysteries, miracles, moralities, and interludes, will be lightly passed over. But let it not be supposed that we advise our readers to do the like. There is nothing of the Dryasdust in these indispensable prolegomena. The same course will have to be followed for the reason already assigned with the second

chapter, which treats of "The Origin of the English Drama." The analysis of plays, the brief biographies of their authors, which Mr. Ward has afforded his readers, are among the most interesting portions of his narrative, yet for these his own pages must be consulted. The "Lives" are too concise for further abridgment, and the dissections of the plays would be marred by curtailment.

There is a portion, however, of this new dramatic encyclopedia—for that really is the appropriate title of these two volumes—which may be treated of without such sacrifices to the demands of space and time: and upon this portion, after a few preliminary remarks on the general subject of this "History" we propose to dwell. In no part of his narrative has the author been more successful, and even original, than in the summaries with which he concludes his chapters. He sees clearly that an age and the drama of that age react upon each other, and that accordingly the history of a people is in some respects that of the stage also. In ages of faith or superstition, the drama is supplied and sanctioned by the clergy of the time: in epochs of change and disturbance the Church is at variance with stage-poets and stage-players. The theatre too is often influenced by the secular politics of the day, sometimes it is a prop and organ of the government, at others it is a victim to the jealousies and fears of the powers that be. Forms of religion again have their effects on the stage. In the later years of Charles I.—and indeed earlier—Puritans, Brownists, and Anabaptists, were the targets at which those who wrote and those who acted plays aimed their keenest shafts. In a few years it was the Puritan who put the actor under his footstool, expelled him from his house,

¹ *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne.* By Adolphus William Ward, M.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1875.

and turned the key on both Globe and Blackfriars temples of Rimmon. A "merry monarch" is invited back to the throne, and the measure which the saints of the earth had meted to the ungodly player was inverted, and while the synagogue was shut, the Cockpit and Davenant's theatre were opened wide, and Comus and his crew ruled instead of Hugh Peters and Goodwin. Such were the respective actions of the Church and dramatic literature, and Mr. Ward has afforded us an instructive and lively sketch of them.

We must now take a brief survey of Mr. Ward's earlier chapters. In the first, he introduces the reader to the Mediæval Drama as it existed in England. Our Saxon forefathers had many good gifts. They produced divines, poets, chroniclers; they had Parliaments, rather more aristocratical than we might now approve; they had harpers, trumpeters, and other musicians: their ships were not more liable to accidents in the narrow seas than those of more modern Admiralties seem to be: their archers were without a peer, as was shown at Crecy and in other fields; they brewed good ale: and as for their smoked hams and sides of pork, their name was famous in the Levant and the Baltic. But one thing they lacked—*nemo est ab omni—Parte beatus*—they had no stage-plays. It seems to have been arranged by "the Sisters three and such like branches of learning," that England, both of yore and of late, should import many of her wines and more of her plays from the opposite shore: and thus it was that the Normans introduced the first dramas into our land. Norman ecclesiastics, even as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, held many of the best preferments in this island, and the Conqueror generally filled up with his own followers any abbeys or bishoprics that he found vacant. These fathers of the Church were in some measure fathers of the stage also. They imported mysteries and miracle plays, and so laid the first stones on the great Appian road, along which our Shaksperes and Jonsons

were afterwards to tread triumphantly. Leaving it to the author to delineate the characters and the rise and decline of ecclesiastical plays—the cradles of at least the historical dramas of the future—we borrow from his pages a few particulars of these primitive germs destined in the fulness of time to produce the harvest of the Elizabethan era.

The purpose of these early exhibitions on the stage should be borne in mind in our judgment of them. They were not artistic, they were to a very small extent even dramatical, whether as respected characters or scenes. The Bacchic preludes to the Greek drama were perhaps even less rude and formless. The genius of southern nations has ever been more rapid, if not more vigorous, in its growth than that of the north. Mysteries and miracle representations were little more than educational instruments in ages almost illiterate. Perhaps Mr. Ward is in the right when he says that the services of the Church were the real dramatic exhibitions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The plays sanctioned and supplied by the religious orders were indeed a kind of after pieces to such sacred rites. Drama proper could hardly have been produced, much less understood, in days when many of the nobility set their marks to deeds, covenants, obligations, and treaties, and even kings could write little beyond their own names. Priests and lawyers—and law and theology were often combined in one person—were the sole instructors of the people. These early plays accordingly partook of the nature of homilies and sermons. They were employed to expound, to fortify, to illustrate the faith of the ignorant, and to make them acquainted with the Scriptures, or quite as often with the Saints and Martyrs of the one and indivisible Church. They had a story to tell of brave deeds done, and sufferings even more bravely endured, and such stories demanded very simple dialogue and scarcely any plot at all. Good men, especially those who had died for the

faith, were the heroes; and bad men, often merely heretics—in modern phrase dissenters—were the villains of the piece. Little imagination or art was needed for such representations. The characters were stereotyped, the same words sufficed for the Herods and Lucifers of different years: dialogue was usually taken verbatim from the Bible or the Books of Martyrs: it would have been accounted idle, if not profane, to depart from the texts of religious writings. Audiences who could neither read nor write were not critical or desirous for change: perhaps, indeed, they were of opinion with Cuddie Headrigg, a good ploughman, though no scholar, that "It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no? A gude tale's no the waur o' being twice told."

But such apathetic spectators could not last for ever. The world moved on and the inhabitants with it. The plays sanctioned and written by the clergy or the learned became tedious, and had to be furnished with new materials, and slight innovations are often the heralds of important changes. Even in the miracle plays the seeds of both tragedy and comedy were after a while sown. It had become necessary to find some amusement for the unlearned; something of a lighter complexion than legends or homilies; some ingredients which might produce smiles or tears, as well as yield sound doctrine or pious meditations.

These ecclesiastical performances were not, however, quite void of attractions. They were accompanied by some pomp and splendour of garments, banners, pictures, and even machinery. The eyes of spectators, at least, were gratified by many-coloured decorations and gorgeous processions. The "dark ages," it has been well said, is a misnomer; they deserve to be termed "the ages of colour," and the wardrobes of the Archbishops and Lord Abbots were well stored with costly apparel, and with gold and gems of "Ormus and of Ind."

The patience of audiences in those times was not severely tried by the

length of the performances at Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide, for those were the usual seasons of the great yearly festivals. Our three or four hour pieces would have wearied out the most pious devotees, even more than they weary us. And not only were the performances short, but various also; and some of them were represented several times in the same day. Thus breathing-time was allowed for the actors, and change of amusement or edification for the spectators. An extract from Mr. Ward's pages shows the method of these performances; he is speaking indeed in this passage of miracle plays as performed by lay companies; but these, being not forbidden, were probably approved by Churchmen.

"Every company, and these guilds were numerous, had its pageant, that is to say, a lofty scaffold mounted upon four wheels, and furnished with two floors; the lower one a tying room for the actors, the higher for the performances. Both were open at top, so that all beholders might both hear and see the piece and its representatives. The place where they played was in every street. They began, in early morning it is to be presumed, seeing the players had much work to do in one day, first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played, it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so to every street, and thus every street had a pageant playing before them at one time, till all the pageants for the day appointed were played, and when one was nearly ended, word was brought from street to street, that so they might come in place thereof. Good order was preserved throughout, which is more than can always be said of modern booths at our fairs, and all the streets had their pageants before them all at one time. To which plays there was much resort."

Little did John Bunyan think, when he was writing in Bedford gaol his *Pilgrim's Progress*, that centuries earlier there were allegorical stories akin to, and as highly prized as, his own Christian epic—for the Bedford baptist was really Homeric in genius—was destined to become. He wrote his immortal dream for the unlearned and the poor; indeed in every one of his numerous works he had in view the poor in spirit and the lowly in degree, and in his highest flights of imagination never dreamt that the bread he sowed by

many waters would, in the fulness of time, be admitted into the libraries of nobles and scholars, and be eulogised by Deans and Statesmen. Among the moral plays mentioned by Mr. Ward, there is one, hitherto unprinted, belonging to the reign of Henry VI., entitled *The Castle of Perseverance*. The subject of this play is the warfare "carried on against *Humanum Genus*, and his companions the seven cardinal virtues, by the seven deadly sins and their commanders, *Mundus*, *Belial* and *Caro*. He is besieged by them in the *Castle of Perseverance*, where *Confessio* has bidden him take up his abode; and in his old age he finally gives way to the persuasions of *Avaritia*," "that good old, gentlemanly vice," according to Byron. "His soul is finally arraigned by *Pater sedens in Judicio*, and apparently saved at the last. This action (which includes a large number of additional personified abstractions) is a type of the general contents of these moralities, as exhibiting the conflict between the good and evil powers for the soul of man." This *Castle of Perseverance* appears to be an ancestor, quite unknown to Bunyan, of his own "Holy war made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the metropolis of the world, or the losing and retaking of Mansoul;" the difference between an age of hearing and an age of reading being taken into account.

In these forerunners of the English drama, Mr. Ward discovers many preparations for the stage of the Tudors and Stuarts. Hatching, like eggs in an Egyptian oven, are the germs of future tragedies, and still more of comic or rather farcical entertainments. The Church of these early times, be it put down to its credit, was far more willing to provide amusements for the lower orders, for the tillers of the soil, and the handicraftsmen, than the Puritan Church was at a later period. It was good for unlettered persons to be taught by their spiritual pastors, and by no means unkind masters, so much of history as was to be found in pious

legends, and the biographies of men who preached and suffered for their faith. Yet also was it good that the sons and servants of the Church should, at certain seasons, laugh as well as weep; and Abbots and Friars, nay, even Popes and Cardinals, it must be owned, were not very squeamish about subjects conducive to merriment. The "Vice," a later importation, was the low comedian of those primitive days. Often he seems to have been a "chartered libertine," claiming great, if not absolute freedom for both his words and gestures. Sometimes he played on the stage the part of page or valet to the devil. To that potentate he was a kind of Sancho, and like the humorous peasant of *La Mancha*, plagued as well as served his master. He claimed as much liberty as Roman slaves were authorized to take during Saturnalian feasts. He stood in very similar relation towards his dusky chieftain with that of Peisthaterus to Euelpides in the *Birds*; or of Xanthias to Bacchus in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. If they are analysed, the causes that lead men and nations to be grave or gay, do not materially differ one from another. The Vice, who did not quite disappear until nearly the close of Elizabeth's reign, deserves the gratitude of posterity, since he is the lineal ancestor of Shakspeare's fools. His pranks and disloyalty to his chief should be condoned. He reformed greatly when he waited on Olivia, on Rosalind, on the King of Naples; and he not only gave admirable advice to poor mad Lear, but probably lost his life—though it is not so recorded of him—by exposure to the pitiless elements he braved for his master's sake.

With the ages of faith miracle-plays passed away, or were performed only in Catholic houses, and then with great privacy and some risk to their inmates. The lives and legends of saints either palled on the appetite of the public or were regarded as rags of the scarlet lady's garment. Moralities, however, were occasionally performed in university halls, at court, or city festivities,

and, according to Mr. Ward, these and interludes also were taking a really dramatic shape. In times when saints and martyrs were hurled down from their niches, and painted glass lay, like Dagon, on the floor of the sanctuary, the former class of entertainments was an inconsistency. Moral plays, on the other hand, in spite of their papistical origin, might be edifying to Protestants, affording good examples to London 'prentices, warnings to unjust serving-men, and, doubtless, also hints to the great and the rich to mend their ways. Yet even these were on the wane. The national drama overshadowed them: representations of real life, the creatures of imagination, and the histories of their forefathers had taken deep root, and allegories were at a discount. In their place stood the Masques that so delighted Elizabeth, James and Charles, partly because they were gorgeous shows, but perhaps principally because they were nearly always well stuffed with such compliments as in all ages monarchs delight to receive. Not always fortunate in his dramas, Masques were literally meat and drink to Jonson: they put money in his purse, sack into his cellar, obtained for him the favour of kings and courtiers, and what perhaps he liked almost as well, the smiles—

"of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rained influence, and judged the prize."

We take leave of this portion of Mr. Ward's History in his own words:

"The religious plays of these periods habitually dealt with subjects of unequalled, and to the age to which they belonged, of all but unrivalled importance, challenging the deepest sympathies and the keenest antipathies of their audiences. To secure popular favour they had introduced a considerable admixture of ludicrous characters, passages and scenes, and had constituted virtually an integral part of themselves."

In this our very brief and imperfect sketch of the religious plays the moralities are combined with them. So nearly allied were they for a considerable time with one another that it is not easy to treat them in the order of time or to draw between them a precise line. To students

of dramatic literature their chief real value lies in their having been the cradles and nurses of tragedy, comedy, and above all of historical drama. The moralities, Mr. Ward informs us, were not an accepted species of stage-entertainment in this country (although in France they were of earlier date) before the second quarter of the fifteenth century, i.e., the reign of Henry VI. After the Reformation in the sixteenth century they superseded both mysteries and miracle plays, and, indeed, these performances were not congenial to an age which had parted with much of its faith in monks, friars, and mitred abbots, and was quite as prone to demolish the images of saints and martyrs as to hold them in respect. The nature and drift of the moralities is thus stated by our author:

"A morality may be defined as a play enforcing a moral truth or lesson by means of the speech and actions of characters which are personified abstractions—figures representing virtues and vices, qualities of the human mind, or abstract conceptions in general."

To dramatic audiences of later ages this would seem very scurvy fare, tending to "expositions to sleep," or likely to produce Christopher Sly's ejaculation, "Excellent stuff—would it were done." And yet these good-advice-giving entertainments were long-lived, since they were not out of date in the reign of good Queen Bess, and of one of them, licensed in 1569-70, entitled *The Marriage of Witte and Science*, Mr. Ward says that for excellent diction and versification, and also for its division into acts and scenes, it merits high commendation. The title of this morality suggests a question whether even now it might not be acceptable to the sages of the Royal Society. It might be an appropriate piece for a commemoration of benefactors, or election of a P.R.S.

Were it for no other of his good gifts John Bale deserves canonisation for his play of *Kyng Johan*—the first parent of our stage-histories. He held the pen of a ready writer, and was the author of several mysteries and a series of comedies taken it seems out of scriptural stories. Bale, owing to the circum-

stances of the time, saw many varieties of human life. He was a friend of Cromwell, "the hammer" of the Protestant Church, and after his patron's execution, Bale fled from the wrath of Henry VIII., who very likely might have thrown him into gaol. In Edward VI.'s days he was in favour at court, and was created Bishop of Ossory; perhaps not a very desirable preferment, since the Irish people then, whatever may now be the case, were not partial to Protestant divines or Englishmen generally. But soon after Mary came to the throne John Bale went once again on his travels; for whatever her father might have done, his daughter would doubtless have presented a heretic bishop with a tar-barrel. We have thought this brief memorial, shorter than many epitaphs, due to the father of historical dramas. It must not be forgotten that Bale was a very polemical writer—and this *Kyng Johan* of his is little less charitable to Popes, Monks, and Friars than Pierce the Ploughman was.

The stage was rapidly advancing in public favour after the middle of the sixteenth century; but we must leave to Mr. Ward's pages the records of its growth at this period. In the year 1562 was produced the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*; or, *Ferrex and Porrex*, in parts of its plot a preparation for *Lear and his Daughters Three*. "Seneca was not too heavy nor Plautus too light" for some of the early dramatists; and there was a species of civil war in Thespian land between authors who strove to reproduce Roman or adapt Italian plays of the classical type, and those who deemed the ancients and their rulers as highly respectable folk for their times, but preferred to walk themselves in "fresh woods and pastures new," especially when it was found that common spectators were apt to slumber over pieces that only scholars applauded or at least affected to relish.

The predecessors of Shakspeare, the subject of Mr. Ward's third chapter, each in his degree, though perhaps unconsciously, dropped his mite into the dramatic coffer. Lily's epigrammatic style

led to and favoured the combination of prose with verse in dialogue. Greene, who had a quick eye for rural scenes, added to the pictorial portion of the drama a hint that was not lost on Shakspeare. Marlowe first discerned that blank verse was a measure best adapted to tragedy. Even the mistakes of early writers showed their successors what to avoid. It was found that Alexandrine and fourteen-syllable metres were not well suited for recitation. Something akin to the iambic measure of the Greek tragedians was the proper vehicle for both audience and actor. Rhymed verse indeed was not so easily put out of fashion. The measure charmed the ear; it clung to the memory; it was allied to song; it was an excellent instrument for conveying pathos and wit; it had the points of epigram; it admitted of more variety than any blank verse, except Shakspeare's, or perhaps Massinger's. Rhymed verse indeed can hardly be said to have disappeared entirely from the drama; if it did so at one time, it revived at another. Lee indulged in it, Rowe employed it, Dryden defended and used it liberally in his earlier plays. It is to be found in the ponderous *Cato* of Addison, and even Mr. Hayley "span his comedies in rhyme." In our days rhyme has descended into pantomimes and burlesques, in which it is a welcome guest, especially when it flows from the masterly pens of Messrs. Planché, Tom Taylor, and Gilbert.

It is one of the curiosities of our dramatic literature that the earliest in date of its comedies is almost worthy of the Elizabethan age. "*Ralph Roister Doister*" Mr. Ward describes "as the work of an English scholar and school-master, and as descended from the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. The construction of the plot is both clear and ingenious; the dialogue is vigorous to a fault, and interlarded with an unconscionable number of strange oaths." Now as its author Nicolas Udal was an instructor of youth at both Eton and Westminster, this hard swearing was very reprehensible; still it is well known that Queen Elizabeth when things went wrong,

swore tornado oaths as her father had done before her; and so perhaps Udal was only following a fashion of the day. "The scene is laid in London, and the characters, twelve in number, were doubtless representative types of contemporary manners." Taking London for his stage and men and women of the time for the *dramatis personæ*, and moreover, apparently overloading his dialogue, we can fancy the schoolmaster to have been a sort of precursor of Benjamin Jonson.

We shall perhaps be accused of leaving Hamlet out of the piece by not following Mr. Ward through his long and lucid chapter on Shakspeare and his plays. But, in the first place, this portion of his history is pretty sure to be the most attractive to readers generally, and in the next there is at the present moment an abundance of sound Shaksperian literature accessible to students of the drama. All that is known of the great dramatic monarch has become an oft-told, yet perennially-interesting tale. George Steevens in a note upon Shakspeare's ninety-third Sonnet remarks, "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." More recent biographers have collected a few more authentic or highly probable facts, yet after all, the life of Shakspeare occupies a very small space in any record of his times. The really important knowledge of him is to be found in dramatic history. From that we learn that he began by working as a reviser and indeed a reformer of other writers' plays; he mended, recast, contracted or enlarged pieces that had been already acted but were shelved, or pieces that had not been put on their trial yet seemed to him or his employer not wholly unpromising. As certain also is it that he soon rose from the humbler grade of an amender to that of an author on his own account. The hostility he seems to have encountered

at first did not long continue, and a rapid succession of new dramas from his pen, if it did not quite extinguish envy among his brother-artists, proved at least that he was rapidly rising into public favour.

Was Shakspeare indebted in any remarkable degree to royal or noble patronage for his success? What, if any, were his obligations to "Elisa and our James?" Mr. Ward shall himself answer these questions.

After pointing out that the species of drama which pleased the learned and the upper classes—that is to say, the classical and Italian forms of it—did not generally win the affections of the commonalty he proceeds to say that—

"Our literature was fast broadening beyond such bounds by its fertility, diversity and power. That it swept these bounds away altogether, and in the end attained to an unsurpassed grandeur and fulness of development, was primarily due to the mighty progress of one of its branches. This branch was the drama. The glories of the Elizabethan drama were not due to patronage—that nurse, often necessary, often unsafe, of literary success."

The Queen was a stanch play-goer: her successor, James, appears, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, to have rather "delighted in masques and revels," than in the legitimate drama; but James's son and grandson, the latter especially, were friends and fautors of the stage.

The annals of the time, both those before and those after the Restoration, are the best guides to dramatic history. It is to this source we should apply for clear and instructive notions of the drama in the later years of the 16th century, as well as for that of the 17th, even down to the death of Queen Anne.

Not until the dread of the Spaniard had passed nearly away by the destruction of his armament in the narrow seas, and the intrigues of the Scottish Queen vanished with her life, was there a favourable opportunity for the cultivation on any large scale of dramatic literature. "The times," says Schiller, "repeat themselves." The Persian had been driven out of the Ægean waters and islands, and not a satrap, or a single

troop of Median bowmen remained in Northern Greece, before the dramatic genius of *Æschylus* displayed its power. The intellectual activity that broke forth in the third decade of Elizabeth's reign is thus described by Mr. Ward :—

"It was in times thus widely and strangely stirred that our Elizabethan literature really began its glorious course. The most cursory glance will serve to recall the fact that not in the drama alone, but in a wide variety of other fields of literary productivity, the years of which I am speaking were full of exuberant life. In them Spenser, with Raleigh by his side, was writing his great epic, the most magnificent monument of the aspirations as well as of the achievements of the age. In them Sidney's prose-romance was received as a bequest by a mourning nation. The earliest publications of Daniel, of Warner, of Drayton, of Davies and Constable, are spanned by the same brief series of years. Hall was about to publish his satires, which in date of composition had already been preceded by Donne's. Stow was systematizing the national annals; and the translation of Sir Thomas North was opening to English readers of history the great treasure-house of ancient examples. Hakluyt was describing the voyages and discoveries of Englishmen, and Raleigh was putting forth his narrative of the most marvellous 'Discovery' of all."

The battle between the Romantic, or rather the popular schools, was not won by the learned, but by the comparatively illiterate. The latter cared not for the rules and lines prescribed by scholars. The "groundlings" of the pit, standing on rushes, and exposed to the sky, or more likely the clouds of England, came to the play to be moved, terrified, or to laugh till their sides ached. Had Aristotle himself come on the boards, and there delivered a lecture on dramatic composition, he would very likely have been hissed, if not stoned, for his pains. "Our literature became thoroughly national." Our writers, although they continued to study the best models of past ages, were no longer servile copyists. "The dignity of the drama began to be recognised." "At such a time," says Mr. Ward, in one of his excellent summaries, "genius, if it turned its eyes in the direction of the stage, could not fail to make it serve the highest purposes which it is capable of fulfilling. Hitherto,

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dramatic entertainments had been regarded as the toys of an hour, suited to beguile the everlasting tedium of fashionable amusements, or to stimulate the passing curiosity of the multitude."

A new world, fraught with new hopes, and pregnant with enterprise and adventure, was opening at home, as well as on the Spanish Main, westward—or "beyond the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, eastward." In these our times of general peace and uniformity, it is difficult to realise the excitement which pervaded the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign.

"That the stage," says Mr. Ward at the close of his chapter on the 'Beginnings of the English Regular Drama,' "should soon throw itself with eagerness into the political and religious agitations of the times was unavoidable; and in the earliest period of its flower we shall find it at once the vehicle and the subject of ardent and bitter controversy. But it is not herein or hereby that lay its path to greatness. The one thing needed was that literary genius should apply itself to this form of literary composition. Every stimulus and theoretical, as well as practical encouragement existed to bring this combination to pass. The great opportunity was therefore consciously seized; and it is no mere phrase to say, that in seizing it our first great Elizabethan dramatists addressed themselves, as men understanding their age, its signs and its needs, to a national task."

In another portion of his History he thus describes the influence of those stirring times on the greatest of our dramatic poets :—

"But when Shakspeare came into contact with the centre of our national life, the day of full action had arrived at last. At such a time, it may be said, the nation was on fire. At such a time its most active elements, which at crises like these always come to the top if a nation still possesses men, were all astir to supply the leaders and the soldiers and sailors for the contest. This was no longer a season for weighing the claims of faction, or for balancing the considerations of political or religious tenets. We are ignorant as to whether Shakspeare's maternal blood may have originally inclined him to sympathize with the martyrs whom his own county and his own mother's family had furnished to the cause of Rome; but the time had now gone by when any one but a traitor could hesitate between the claims upon his sympathy of the cause of his Queen and nation and those of any ecclesiastical system. It is a familiar fact how a Catholic noble led out the English fleet

which awaited and beset the coming of the Armada; it was no sacrilege in the eyes of the brave Lord Howard of Effingham, risking his life and spending his substance, to fire a broadside into the galleons which bore the images of St. Philip or St. George on their gilded prows. No man whose youth falls in such a time, whose imagination, when for the first time it comes into contact with the great currents of public life, is fed by such events as these, is likely to allow his mind to be narrowed once more—least of all, if the tendency of that mind is neither eclectic nor sectarian, but comprehensive and sympathetic. Thus, so far as we can judge, the influence of the times in which Shakspeare began his public life must have contributed to give him that firmly and unhesitatingly national spirit which he shares with all the representative minds of the England of his age, and to encourage and confirm that breadth of view—due in its primary origin to his idiosyncrasy—which has so confounded the well-meant endeavours to find in him a demonstrative Roman Catholic or a Bible Protestant eager to testify. English, with a joyous heartiness equalled by no other of our poets (unless it be Chaucer, who lived under the influence of a not wholly dissimilar epoch), he brings before us the age when England had once more reason to glory in the generous gift of Heaven, which had made her 'of little body with a mighty heart.' No mind is too great for national feeling of the kind; but for religious antipathies there was no place in Shakspeare's heart, and this element, so strong in Spenser, is utterly absent from his contemporary."

A younger contemporary of Shakspeare than Spenser was seems to have been less affected by the various currents of these times. This was Benjamin Jonson, who in his numerous plays delineates the individual man far more than the general movements or phenomena of the age. Of him Mr. Ward, in our opinion, is right in saying that—

"None of our great Elizabethan dramatists have suffered more from Shakspeare's fame than Ben Jonson. There is indeed no evidence to prove, while there are clear indications to disprove, the assumption that during his life the soul of the greatest of Shakspeare's contemporaries among the dramatists was vexed by the superior gifts or the superior success of his friend. Critical by nature, Jonson possessed a character as generous as his mind was robust; and there is a ludicrous incongruity with the nature of the man in the supposition that it was poisoned by a malignant envy and hatred of his fame. The difference between the pair was indeed very great, and reflects itself in nearly everything which is left to us from their hands. Indeed, with certain exceptions, Ben

Jonson has met with a very one-sided justice at the hands of posterity. Too many admirers of Shakspeare have had no sympathy to spare for his greatest contemporary in our dramatic literature."

Half only of a familiar couplet of Samuel Johnson's applies to his namesake. Ben did not, like Shakspeare, "exhaust worlds and then imagine new:" yet it may be truly said of him that as regarded the time in which he wrote, "each change of many coloured life he drew." He is one of the best recorders of the age of Elizabeth and her two next successors. The late Charles Knight, in his excellent work entitled *London*, gives the title of "Jonson's London" to two interesting chapters, and most appropriately, since Jonson is really a city remembrancer. The wide range of society in which he moved afforded him extraordinary advantages in the composition of his comedies. He was familiar with palaces and taverns: in the same week, and perhaps in the same day of the week, Ben would be found at Whitehall and in Eastcheap. Paul's Walk supplied him with his frivolous coxcombs and his bragging captains and bullies. In the London he knew, astrologers and alchemists were not hard to find; and he could scarcely miss a Puritan or Anabaptist in his walks abroad. Again, it was his ill-luck to be constantly in hot water, for some reason or none. He quarrelled with Inigo Jones, architect and stage-mechanist; with the brethren of his guild, especially the stage poets, Decker and Marston; with the spectators in box or pit who did not applaud some of his plays; with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen for ceasing to pay him for work he had not done; and he was very near wrangling with Majesty itself, because Charles I. did not promptly send him a purse of money—Ben just then being in difficulties. After the Restoration, indeed, and for many years to come, his plays were in vogue. Betterton acted in them, so did Garrick, so did John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Macready. This may have appeased his ghost, but was

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poor consolation to the living author, who the longer he lived, the less popular he became.

It is impossible for readers acquainted with Jonson's plays not to perceive that he was often the marplot of his own productions. Several of his dramas open with a fair promise of a probable and even a happy progress. His *Poetaster*, for instance, throughout the first act is excellent. But a blight soon falls on his fair morning, and thenceforward it is in very few scenes that this comedy sustains the expectation excited at its opening. Charles Lamb commends the treatment of Augustus, surrounded by the poets and nobles of the time. Yet, however welcome such high and cultivated personages may have seemed to scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, or to a learned king as James I. unquestionably was, they can hardly have been very interesting to a common audience—they were *caviare* to the general.

In a well-known epigram of the time it is said that Jonson's *plays* should properly be called his *works*, so much toil did he bestow upon them. He seems to have considered accuracy in detail or description a stage-poet's duty. This was, however, an inconvenient virtue which tended to make many of his *works* cumbersome to both hearers and readers. His *Volpone*, or the *Fox* would have been far the better for being less over-laden with incidents and characters not necessarily connected with one another, and yet this is one of his masterpieces. Ben's plays were not in the first instance in verse, the original draft was *in prose*. He wrote environed by his books; he consulted them for both facts and characters. He toiled like a Vulcan at his anvil; only his masques appear to have come trippingly from his pen.

In the following judgment of the poet and his plays we meet with Mr. Ward's usual impartiality. Jonson, he thinks—

“Appears incomparably the most remarkable of the English dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare. In respect of acquired powers, it will hardly be denied that he was

infinitely the best equipt of the Elizabethan dramatists. His learning was for its age”—we venture to say for any age—“very wide, and judged by an even higher standard than that of his age, thoroughly solid. He was worthy of being the pupil of Camden, and the friend of Selden. His studies, though by no means confined to the Greek and Roman classics ordinarily read in his days, commanded this familiar range with unusual completeness. They included the Greek philosophers as well as the Roman historians and poets. They embraced less-known ancient writers, as well as classics proper, extending to Libanius and Athenæus, as well as to Lucian and Plutarch. It likewise covered a large field of (then) modern literature; from Erasmus and Rabelais he borrowed keen shafts of satire, and of the older English poets he was a warm admirer. He was a student of the works of the great philosopher of his age, while the English drama, from its earliest to its most recent phases, was familiar to him as a matter of course. Of his classical learning his tragedies, being on Roman subjects, furnish the most direct evidence; but there is hardly one of his comedies, or even of his masques, which is not full of illustrations of his reading.”

It is in these appeals to national history that Mr. Ward imparts to his work, not merely a substantial, but also an original value. Many of the materials he employs for his History of the English Drama had been collected and garnered up before. But by connecting the events of different eras, and the general phases of at least poetic literature with the rise, progress, and fashions of the stage, he has thrown new light on the main subject of his work. For the predecessors, contemporaries, and followers of Shakspeare, we must be content with referring to his pages, especially calling attention to the entire chapter he devotes to Ben Jonson. The memoirs of Chapman, Webster, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other Elizabethan and Stuart stage-worthies, are easily accessible, since their plays have met with many competent editors, beginning with the present century, and coming down to the present hour. Professor Masson, in his excellent *History of Milton and his Times* has supplied readers with a very picturesque sketch of the company at the “Mermaid” and “Devil” Taverns, and enables us to realise the wit-combats, as Fuller calls them, between Shakspeare

which awaited and beset the coming of the Armada; it was no sacrilege in the eyes of the brave Lord Howard of Effingham, risking his life and spending his substance, to fire a broadside into the galleons which bore the images of St. Philip or St. George on their gilded prows. No man whose youth falls in such a time, whose imagination, when for the first time it comes into contact with the great currents of public life, is fed by such events as these, is likely to allow his mind to be narrowed once more—least of all, if the tendency of that mind is neither eclectic nor sectarian, but comprehensive and sympathetic. Thus, so far as we can judge, the influence of the times in which Shakspeare began his public life must have contributed to give him that firmly and unhesitatingly national spirit which he shares with all the representative minds of the England of his age, and to encourage and confirm that breadth of view—due in its primary origin to his idiosyncrasy—which has so confounded the well-meant endeavours to find in him a demonstrative Roman Catholic or a Bible Protestant eager to testify. English, with a joyous heartiness equalled by no other of our poets (unless it be Chaucer, who lived under the influence of a not wholly dissimilar epoch), he brings before us the age when England had once more reason to glory in the generous gift of Heaven, which had made her 'of little body with a mighty heart.' No mind is too great for national feeling of the kind; but for religious antipathies there was no place in Shakspeare's heart, and this element, so strong in Spenser, is utterly absent from his contemporary."

A younger contemporary of Shakspeare than Spenser seems to have been less affected by the various currents of these times. This was Benjamin Jonson, who in his numerous plays delineates the individual man far more than the general movements or phenomena of the age. Of him Mr. Ward, in our opinion, is right in saying that—

"None of our great Elizabethan dramatists have suffered more from Shakspeare's fame than Ben Jonson. There is indeed no evidence to prove, while there are clear indications to disprove, the assumption that during his life the soul of the greatest of Shakspeare's contemporaries among the dramatists was vexed by the superior gifts or the superior success of his friend. Critical by nature, Jonson possessed a character as generous as his mind was robust; and there is a ludicrous incongruity with the nature of the man in the supposition that it was poisoned by a malignant envy and hatred of his fame. The difference between the pair was indeed very great, and reflects itself in nearly everything which is left to us from their hands. Indeed, with certain exceptions, Ben

Jonson has met with a very one-sided justice at the hands of posterity. Too many admirers of Shakspeare have had no sympathy to spare for his greatest contemporary in our dramatic literature."

Half only of a familiar couplet of Samuel Johnson's applies to his namesake. Ben did not, like Shakspeare, "exhaust worlds and then imagine new:" yet it may be truly said of him that as regarded the time in which he wrote, "each change of many coloured life he drew." He is one of the best recorders of the age of Elizabeth and her two next successors. The late Charles Knight, in his excellent work entitled *London*, gives the title of "Jonson's London" to two interesting chapters, and most appropriately, since Jonson is really a city remembrancer. The wide range of society in which he moved afforded him extraordinary advantages in the composition of his comedies. He was familiar with palaces and taverns: in the same week, and perhaps in the same day of the week, Ben would be found at Whitehall and in Eastcheap. Paul's Walk supplied him with his frivolous coxcombs and his bragging captains and bullies. In the London he knew, astrologers and alchemists were not hard to find; and he could scarcely miss a Puritan or Anabaptist in his walks abroad. Again, it was his ill-luck to be constantly in hot water, for some reason or none. He quarrelled with Inigo Jones, architect and stage-mechanist; with the brethren of his guild, especially the stage poets, Decker and Marston; with the spectators in box or pit who did not applaud some of his plays; with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen for ceasing to pay him for work he had not done; and he was very near wrangling with Majesty itself, because Charles I. did not promptly send him a purse of money—Ben just then being in difficulties. After the Restoration, indeed, and for many years to come, his plays were in vogue. Betterton acted in them, so did Garrick, so did John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Macready. This may have appeased his ghost, but was

poor consolation to the living author, who the longer he lived, the less popular he became.

It is impossible for readers acquainted with Jonson's plays not to perceive that he was often the marplot of his own productions. Several of his dramas open with a fair promise of a probable and even a happy progress. His *Poetaster*, for instance, throughout the first act is excellent. But a blight soon falls on his fair morning, and thenceforward it is in very few scenes that this comedy sustains the expectation excited at its opening. Charles Lamb commends the treatment of *Augustus*, surrounded by the poets and nobles of the time. Yet, however welcome such high and cultivated personages may have seemed to scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, or to a learned king as James I. unquestionably was, they can hardly have been very interesting to a common audience—they were *caviare* to the general.

In a well-known epigram of the time it is said that Jonson's plays should properly be called his *works*, so much toil did he bestow upon them. He seems to have considered accuracy in detail or description a stage-poet's duty. This was, however, an inconvenient virtue which tended to make many of his *works* cumbrous to both hearers and readers. His *Volpone*, or the *Fox* would have been far the better for being less over-laden with incidents and characters not necessarily connected with one another, and yet this is one of his masterpieces. Ben's plays were not in the first instance in verse, the original draft was in *prose*. He wrote envired by his books; he consulted them for both facts and characters. He toiled like a Vulcan at his anvil; only his masques appear to have come trippingly from his pen.

In the following judgment of the poet and his plays we meet with Mr. Ward's usual impartiality. Jonson, he thinks—

"Appears incomparably the most remarkable of the English dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare. In respect of acquired powers, it will hardly be denied that he was

infinitely the best equipt of the Elizabethan dramatists. His learning was for its age"—we venture to say for any age—"very wide, and judged by an even higher standard than that of his age, thoroughly solid. He was worthy of being the pupil of Camden, and the friend of Selden. His studies, though by no means confined to the Greek and Roman classics ordinarily read in his days, commanded this familiar range with unusual completeness. They included the Greek philosophers as well as the Roman historians and poets. They embraced less-known ancient writers, as well as classics proper, extending to Libanius and Athenæus, as well as to Lucian and Plutarch. It likewise covered a large field of (then) modern literature; from Erasmus and Rabelais he borrowed keen shafts of satire, and of the older English poets he was a warm admirer. He was a student of the works of the great philosopher of his age, while the English drama, from its earliest to its most recent phases, was familiar to him as a matter of course. Of his classical learning his tragedies, being on Roman subjects, furnish the most direct evidence; but there is hardly one of his comedies, or even of his masques, which is not full of illustrations of his reading."

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and Jonson, and to see, "with fancy's eye," the white-bearded and venerable translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, who, after rendering Homer familiar to such as had "no Greek," turned his singular poetic force to tragedies worthy of permanent fame. Nor in this commemoration of benefactors to dramatic history, should the "transactions of the new Shakspeare Society" be passed over. Without making odious comparisons with earlier labourers in the wide field of Shaksperian literature, we hail in these productions a new and better era for the records and treatment of the national drama.

We have not left ourselves room for noticing to any extent the drama of Queen Anne's reign. The tragedies of that period, however they may differ in plot, are very similar in their general structure, and often betray a French parentage, that of Racine, indeed, more than of Corneille, and perhaps of Voltaire more than either. "Neither Southerne nor Rowe," says Mr. Ward, "nor any of their contemporaries, are worthy of being compared to Lee and Otway: to Congreve's solitary tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, one is tempted to apply an emblem of Quarles's, *Tinnit—ineane est*," and yet this was a piece that Samuel Johnson put on a level with Shakspeare's works. Owing, indeed, to the ability of certain actors, *The Fatal Marriage*, *Oronooko*, *Jane Shore*, and *The Fair Penitent*, kept fast hold of the stage for many generations; but they did so mainly because these tragedies afforded good points and effective situations for the performers. To the majority of readers they are tedious. Addison's *Cato* is of the same kind. It suited well the majestic persons of Barry, Holman, and John Kemble; and playgoers not very advanced in years may call to mind the dignified Roman of Charles Young. Still we suspect that every one of these dramas, so applauded by our grandsires and by their elders, is now quietly sleeping in the tomb of the Capulets.

But it is not so with the comedies of the later Stuart drama. Wycherley,

Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, have still much vitality in them, neither do Sir Richard Steele and Colley Cibber lie in mere oblivion. To Cibber and Steele belongs the praise of endeavouring to purify the language and morals of comedy. To Wycherley and his three illustrious successors belongs the blame of rivaling Etherege, and the writers of his time in immorality, equalled only by the farces of the Palais Royal at the present day.

We cannot close this imperfect notice of Mr. Ward's most timely and instructive volumes better than by borrowing from them his brief verdict on the tragedy and comedy which followed the Restoration. The one, it will be seen, fell into decline, if not into absolute decay, because the writers of it adopted and bound themselves by rules and examples foreign to our national feeling: the latter, though with less celerity, were put aside, because they outraged decency, and inculcated the venial if not harmless character of Vice. Dulness on the one hand, abused wit on the other, led to nearly the same end. Thalia stood rebuked for being tedious. Melpomene was shelved for being formal and prosy.

"The history of the English drama," the author writes in conclusion, "in the period of which this chapter has treated, illustrates the truth that there are two forces which no dramatic literature can neglect with impunity—the national genius and the laws of morality. Because, in obedience to the dictates of fashion and to artificial and arbitrary canons of literary taste, English tragedy sought to abandon the path which the national genius had marked out for her, this period witnessed her decay—a decay followed by her all-but absolute extinction as a living literary form. Because, to suit the vicious licence of their public, the contemporary comic dramatists bade defiance to the order which they well knew to be necessary for the moral government of human society, their productions have failed to hold an honourable place in our national literature. What was designed to attract has ended by repelling; and works of talent and even of genius are all but consigned to oblivion by the judgment of posterity, on account of the very features which were intended to ensure an immediate success."

In the last sentence of his "Introduction" Mr. Ward hints at the possi-

bility, at some future time, of adding a third volume to his *History of Dramatic Literature*. It is much to be wished that he may do so. The reigns of the first three Georges alone will supply him with ample materials for such a continuation. Of this later period Sheridan is the Congreve: still, besides the author of the *School for Scandal*, there were many bright stars, in comedy at least, well meriting notice. Burgoyne's *Heiress* ran Sheridan's masterpiece very close, and Cumberland—the Terence of England—and the elder and the younger Colman, well deserve record; for in our vast producing and reading era men of mark are too often forgotten. The age that produced such actors as Macklin, Quin, Foote, Garrick, and the Kemble family, cannot fail to be interesting. Shakspeare's and Jonson's, Fletcher's and Massinger's plays were then far oftener stock pieces than they are now. Shakspeare, indeed, was rather scurvily treated by his reformers and adapters. His *Lear*, *Richard III.*, *Tempest*, and others were emasculated on the stage. Yet, what with admirable acting, and what

with the impulse created by the Shaksperian commentators of the eighteenth century, his works were better known than they had been during at least the entire reign of Queen Anne. How very imperfectly they were known at that time is seen in the periodicals of the last Stuart reign. For example, when passages are cited from them in *The Tatler*, they are either inaccurately given or they are copied from the prompter's books. Addison, who may be said to have introduced Milton's *Paradise Lost* to multitudes of English readers, seems to have been almost ignorant of Shakspeare's existence, though he is not niggardly of praise to several of the Restoration dramatists.

In the Georgian era the comedy of manners is also, as in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, a branch of national history, and treated by an able pen can hardly fail to be instructive and interesting to readers of the present time. We trust Mr. Ward's hint may before very long turn into an accomplished fact.

W. BODHAM DONNE.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES AND PROFESSIONAL COLLEGES.

ON November 29th, 1863, an unusually vast and expectant assembly was gathered together in Christ Church Cathedral to hear the Dean of Westminster deliver his memorable farewell to the University of Oxford. With surpassing eloquence and earnestness he pictured forth the vision arising before him of Oxford as she might be, "the seat, not only of education, but of science, of learning, the well-spring of the thoughts that guide and console and elevate mankind: the place where Truth should be prized before every earthly consideration,—above the desires of ambition, or preferment, above the desire of standing well with our fellow-men, above even the love of influence or consistency or power." And then, pausing, Dean Stanley asked, "Do these words sound like mournful irony? or are they, will they never be, as they have sometimes been, sober reality? Answer, those who best know."

Since the time when these words were spoken, the gates of Oxford, for good or for evil, have been thrown open—but not without potent help from within,—and now she stands, her possessions carefully numbered, awaiting the disposition of events.

The inquiry into the revenues of the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge by the Royal Commission in 1872 was regarded by every one as the initial step in reforming legislation; and last Session, Mr. Disraeli announced "that no existing Government could maintain for a moment that the consideration of University Reform, and consequent legislation of some kind, would not form part of its duty."¹ Both the great parties in the State then stand committed to some kind of action, and the question which agitates the Universities, to whose own exertions the present situation is to be ascribed, is only

¹ *Hansard*, Feb. 8, 1875.

what direction the inevitable reforms will take.

Will those reforms be dictated by statesmanlike views of the functions of English Universities or by mere parochial calculation? Are Oxford and Cambridge to be invigorated as great independent seats of learning and inquiry, or will their reorganization be limited to the paring away of a few economical anomalies? The English nation, according to Dr. Döllinger,² expects no more from the Universities than the production of an independent and cultivated squirearchy and a highly educated clergy. Assuredly, if these duties were being satisfactorily and fully performed, the present demand for University Reform would never have arisen; for this demand may be traced as much to the conviction that for the right performance of even these functions the Universities must embrace a wider sphere of duty as to any desire to see them more adapted to the training of public servants, lawyers, physicians, or men of science.

It is maintained by some that the Acts of 1854 and 1871, by dissolving the formal alliance of the English Universities with the Church have reduced Oxford and Cambridge permanently in rank and influence, and that they are no longer worthy of the consideration they were. Others, who do not indeed go so far as this, believe that the College system at least is no longer possible under the new conditions;³ while others assert that the Universities have become so effete and provincial that they cannot expect to hold their own in a cosmopolitan age like the present. On the whole, however, it is

² *Universitäten sonst und jetzt*. Munich 1867.

³ Keble College has therefore been lately founded without the ordinary features of an Oxford College, its government being more analogous to that of a public school with its trustees and head-master.

undeniable that no one could with truth write of the present, as Macaulay did of former times, that the moral and intellectual influence of the English Universities was such that anything which seriously affected their honour or interests would be certain to excite the resentment of a powerful, active, and intelligent class throughout the whole country.¹

The increased activity of the Universities within the last few years, and the great increase in the numbers of undergraduates since 1850, are apt to impress the superficial observer with an opinion not always correct. It may be of some interest, therefore, to make a comparison of the numbers of those resorting to Oxford within the last three centuries; for little use would be served by going back to the period of the 30,000 students there in the thirteenth century. At the time of Casaubon's visit in 1613, he wrote: "The revenues of the Colleges maintain about 2,000 students, generally of reputable parentage." (Hallam, *lit.*, iii. 231.) These numbers, notwithstanding the great increase of population and wealth, are not very far short of the whole number of graduates and undergraduates now resident. And if a comparison be made as to the number of matriculations, it appears from the last date in the Decennial Calendar that in 1870 they were 569, while one hundred and seventy years previously, the earliest date therein given, they came to as much as 281, although the population of England (according to the best estimate²) was at the former period, 6,045,008, and at the latter, 22,457,366. In the meanwhile, however, many various efforts are in progress to bring about the more intimate connection of the Universities with the country. But durable results cannot be expected from these movements, unless they are accompanied by an adequate attempt to grasp the far more difficult and complex question of the internal reform and reorganization of those ancient bodies.

Of the many important aspects of this question, the limits of the present paper

admit no more than the consideration of that which regards the Universities as places to be devoted distinctly and primarily to the advancement of the highest learning and scientific research, and in this respect to be brought into definite and intimate relations with the learned faculties and professions. The entire acceptance and prevalence of this view, however, would facilitate the solution of many another difficulty in the present crisis of Academical Reform. For instance, a principle more intelligible than that now in force would be introduced of awarding Fellowships (including Headships resembling Fellowships), and of thereby maintaining the corporate continuity of the College, and the College system itself would be altogether renovated.

It is generally admitted that much of the cumbrous machinery of the Colleges will have to be done away with; but it is certain that, though the Fellowships may be modified or transformed, and nominally altered into a Professoriate, they cannot be entirely abolished without the extinction of the College system; and this is what few desire.³ As the Fellowship was originally valued for the means afforded by the College for the association of a common purpose—few Colleges at their foundation providing pecuniary stipends—so, now, it is very much more than a money-prize, however dependent upon the emoluments he may be who is elected. A youth on the threshold of life, perhaps homeless and friendless, except so far as his University is concerned, finds himself a member of an ancient and renowned institution—an institution bestowing its honours before,

² In a letter published at Oxford in 1874, Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote:—"I return from Universities without Colleges more convinced than ever of the value of the College as a social bond, as a stimulus to duty, and as an organ of personal superintendence and instruction. In the last capacity no University lecture-room will supply, or anything like supply, its place to the mass of students. In a social point of view, it is incomparably superior to the clubs, which in America, under the fantastic name of secret societies, gratify the students' desire of a closer bond of union than that of the University at large."

¹ *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 275.

² *Preface to Population Returns*, 1843.

and not, as others do, after success in life,—he becomes a participator in its history, and an administrator of its future. He finds himself associated by an honourable bond to his University, a University of which he may have dreamt—with Mr. Gladstone, when he penned his famous dedication of *Church and State*—"that she was providentially designed to be a fountain of blessings, spiritual, social, and intellectual, to this and to other countries." What devotion, what loyalty, what services may not be expected from this youth, filled with that tender regard which, in the language of Gibbon, seldom fails to arise in a liberal mind from the recollection of the place where it has discovered and exercised its growing powers? It will be fortunate for him if he does not early learn, even in his own small field, the truth of the saying,¹ *ἐχθιστη δὲ οὐννη ἐστὶ τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις αὐτὴ πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδὲνὸς κρᾶτεον*—but this truth will be brought home to him at one time or another in every form of corporate life, and in every circle of that local self-government of which we profess to be so proud; though the constantly fluctuating elements of which academical life consists, and an antiquated procedure, will be found in no small degree, to exaggerate in a College the apathy and irresponsibility so proverbial in all corporations.

It appears, however, to be well settled on all sides that Fellowships are to be altered in character and in object; but the same difficulties will exist as in the remodelling of the Professoriate—how to ensure the right kind of men being selected, and how to provide against their subsequent negligence or incapacity. Is the patronage to be vested in a number of different corporations merely to be exercised at the caprice of any passing faction? Is competition by examination, notwithstanding its confessed

inadequacy as a test for mature study and scientific merit, to be invariably applied? Is the election to be that of professor by professors—a mode of choice which, from the absence of an effective public opinion, and from the liability to that petty intrigue for which, in the words of Schleiermacher, "Universities, one and all, are infamous," has so frequently led to the admixture of prominent officers of State on Academical Boards? Vital as these questions are to the welfare of the University, and to any scheme of University Reform in any way depending on the conversion of Fellowships into Professorships or Sub-Professorships, we must be content for the present to refer to their elaborate treatment by the Rector of Lincoln College in his work on Academical Organization, together with the remarks as to Academical patronage in Dr. Rolleston's paper on Electoral Boards.

Since the publication of the former work in 1868, the opinion that the Universities should be restored as centres of learning and study has gathered great weight, yet this view had not been overlooked by the Royal Commissioners of 1850, who reported that—

"It is generally acknowledged that both Oxford and the country at large suffer greatly from the absence of a body of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science and the direction of academical education."

The objection has been made that, if Oxford was so transformed as to become chiefly a resort of learned students, either teaching would fall off, or the number of those who came there would diminish. But the supporters of the movement reply that Oxford would present opportunities nowhere else attainable. Nowhere else, they contend, would there be concentrated in one locality so easy means of attaining specific instruction in the sciences which form the bases of the professions, combined with the staple of a general culture.²

For the purposes, however, of the practical proposals which it is the object and aim of the present paper to advocate—the development of the Univer-

¹ These words have found their spirit expressed in the lines of Alexander Smith—

"There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands."

² See *Suggestions on Academical Organization*, p. 85.

sity Library system, and the formation of special Institutes or professional Colleges in connection with that system—no more is required than the general admission of the desirability of a re-organization on the basis of the endowment of research, provided a plan be discovered free from the liability to abuses to which such endowments are generally exposed.

There are many who would avoid the questions presented by all endowments by getting rid of the endowments altogether, and who incline, with Mr. Lowe, to the belief that it would be better if they were thrown into the sea. The provision, however, by means of endowments, of increased literary and scientific facilities, is never objected to, but, on the contrary, is the subject of general praise, which nobody withholds in the cases, at Cambridge, of the Duke of Devonshire's Laboratory, or, at Oxford, of Mr. Ruskin's gifts to the Taylor Galleries, and Mr. De la Rue's Observatory.

The primary difficulty is, in fact, not as to the endowments, and they are not the real soul of the matter. Genuine investigation and research are liable to be impeded and diverted by the presence in the mind of an interested motive, or by the search after any particular utility; and it is well known that some of the greatest and most unexpected discoveries of this and other ages have originated in inquiries of a purely speculative nature. In this aspect of the University, "this furtherance of cash," in Mr. Carlyle's words, "will do but little; money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get further."¹

Without asserting that we have yet arrived at a period when money rather than honour has become the mainspring of literary production, it is not easy to deny the truth of the following remarks of Mr. Gladstone:—

"Looking at the growth of luxury and the love of self-indulgence and display on the one

side, and at the powerful and exhausting excitement which attends an energetic and speculative system of trade and commerce on the other, and looking at their influence on the pursuits of men of letters, they seem likely to lead men's minds, in a great degree, from the creation of works worthy to live, and thus they import danger into literature itself."
—(*Times*, May 29, 1873).

This marked tendency to a depreciation in the standard of taste, we may admit with Mr. Matthew Arnold, cannot now be met by the creation of an Academy in England corresponding to the French Academy.² But still there is room for academies having a limited scientific scope in the various lines of intellectual work, and for special institutions representing the various great departments of knowledge. The Universities, at least, can do something towards organizing the framework of that "huge froth ocean of printed speech which we loosely call literature," and reducing the mass to something like order. "The true University of these days," according to Mr. Carlyle, "is a Collection of Books."

"The University which could completely take in that great new fact of the existence of printed books, and stand on a clear footing for the nineteenth century, as the Paris one did for the thirteenth, has not yet come into existence."—*Lectures on Heroes*, p. 306.

All this does not signify that the reign of the bookworm and the pedant will be established. It may reasonably be hoped that the contrary will be the result. "The creative period of the Renaissance is past and the accumulative has set in: the prophet is departed, and in his place we have the priest of the book," reflects Mr. Mark Pattison upon the state of learning in the commencement of the seventeenth century.³ But this period in the English Universities was preparatory to that when they produced Milton, Newton, Locke, Sydenham, Wren, Jeremy Taylor, Halley, Ray, and Wallis, besides others well known to fame, and when in them originated institutions (such as the Royal Society, whose meetings commenced at Oxford in 1651) and discoveries still

¹ *Lectures on Heroes*, p. 310.

² *Essays on Criticism*, p. 77.

³ *Life of Casaubon*, p. 122.

reflecting renown on Cambridge and Oxford.¹

The lofty and vigorous national life of which the Universities then partook was nourished on the zeal and literary ardour evoked by the Renaissance. In our age, however, it would be absurd to expect that the perplexities of the Universities are to be one and all met by the simple provision of more Libraries and more Museums. Nevertheless, some of the perplexed questions connected with endowments, more especially those connected with the endowment of research, disappear, when, by the aid of those endowments the means of research, and the implements of study are freely provided for all. At any rate we shall, in part, be fulfilling Macaulay's condition, when he emphatically declared against paying anybody to study until all who were desirous of study without being paid had the means of instruction.² As Universities formerly took their rise in the gatherings and associations of students, and of distinguished scholars and their pupils, in and around Monastic and Cathedral schools, so in the future University "the whole body of resident graduates are to be brought together into one homogeneous element of teachers all working together, the supposed antithesis between professor and tutor being entirely sunk."³ And we may assume that the increase of literary facilities and of the means of scientific culture cannot but aid the Universities to recover their influence and renown as intellectual centres.

In whatever aspect then we view the matter, the more important does it appear that the modern University should embrace a perfect Library system as its central feature.

Upon the Bodleian Library the world fame of Oxford depends, as much as on all her spires, her towers, and her

traditions. Only fifteen years after Thomas Bodley refounded the Library in 1598 (his own College, Merton, making a gift of the timber), Casaubon wrote—"None of the colleges have attracted me so much as the Bodleian; the work rather for a king than for a private man." The Bodleian became in the same period, according to Hallam, "the one great cause of the literary distinction of Oxford" (*Lit.* iii. 231).

Since that time, it may perhaps be urged, the British Museum and other great libraries have been established, and one national depository of the kind suffices. The objection might have weight if it were a question of the imposition of new taxes for the formation of another museum. But the question is the elaboration from existing resources of a perfect system of libraries for a great academic centre. Moreover, it is to be remembered how the grandest library in the world—the Bibliothèque Nationale, with its treasures of manuscripts, double in quantity alone, and very much more than double in value, of those in the British Museum—escaped the conflagration of Paris in 1871 by the merest accident.

In many respects the Bodleian will, even now, bear a favourable comparison with the British Museum. Both as to the quickness of obtaining books, and as to the time of closing, the Bodleian has the superiority: it has the great advantage also of being allowed the large reading-room lent by the Radcliffe Trustees, which is open until ten at night. Nor is it the case (as is necessary at the British Museum reading-room) that all those under twenty-one years of age are excluded.

Although figuring little in many schemes put forth for Academical Extension, and making but a slight appeal for popular support, the demands and claims of the Bodleian have been promptly recognized by the Hebdomadal Council. The first place in the Council's report of last May, on the requirements of the University, is given to the Library. But the Council have no funds for the purposes which they indicate. Their statements, indeed, amount to little more than recommen-

¹ The discovery took place at Oxford in 1673 of the means of producing harmonics—the foundation, according to Mr. Chappell, of all true science in music (*Hist. of Music*, vol. i., p. lxxxiv).

² *Minutes on Education in India*, Sept. 1836. Calcutta 1862.

³ See Mr. M. Pattison, in *Times*, Nov. 23, 1874.

dations and vague hopes that the Colleges will supply the University professoriate, so that it might then be possible for the University to meet a portion of the expenditure required for the library, as well as of that of the museums, laboratories, botanic gardens, observatory, galleries, schools, lecture-rooms, &c. In this report also the Curators of the library complain that the sum at their command for the general purposes of the library is quite inadequate, and they calculate that an additional sum of 2,000*l.* a year ought to be allowed.¹

The Council moreover report that the repair of the external fabric, fitting up the proscholium, and future adaptation of the schools to the library, will amount to a capital sum of at least 23,000*l.*; while the Curators of the library, in May, 1874, considered that 25,000*l.* would be required, besides 13,500*l.* for another Reading-room, as estimated by Captain Douglas Galton, whose report and valuable remarks on the measures necessary to render the present building less exposed to the risk of fire, appeared in the *University Gazette* of Oct. 20, 1874.

Besides the great necessity which exists for rendering the Bodleian less liable to fire, the increase of books, at the rate of nearly 6,000 volumes annually, renders further extension and improvements imperatively necessary.

Provided the sums required for building are borrowed, it is no unfair estimate to assume that the demands put forth on behalf of the Bodleian amount to about 3,500*l.* annually, for many years to come. The Bodleian and its staff now receive, from one source or another, about 6,522*l.* a year, of which 2,907*l.* is the specific endowment and the remainder 3,615*l.* is received from the University (2,800*l.* being the ordinary Convocation grant in substitution of certain University

dues formerly appropriated to the Library). Under all the circumstances, it is surely no very great demand that the chief Library of Oxford should have an independent endowment of 10,000*l.* a year; and that, should there be any College with a superfluity of funds, it should be invited to contribute to this object. If, at the same time, advantage should be taken of the occasion, and the 2,800*l.* now contributed by the University should be liberated for the benefit of the Professoriate, the annual sum required from the College to make the whole amount not far short of 10,000*l.* a year would be 6,000*l.*

In case the sum named should be deemed by any one too large for the maintenance of a great University Library out of University and College revenues amounting in 1871 to 413,841*l.* it may be useful to compare the annual estimates of the British Museum, in order to show the extent of the recognition which one great Central Library has already received in the national expenditure. The vote of the House of Commons for 1875-6, gives for the British Museum 107,471*l.*, inclusive of 55,585*l.* for salaries and wages, but exclusive of a further vote of 9,538*l.* for annual expenses connected with the buildings. It is true that of these sums a portion belongs to various other departments of the Museum; nevertheless, it may be accurately estimated that at least 60,000*l.* a year is expended upon the Library and Reading-room. Of this 60,000*l.* a year, 13,000*l.* is expended upon the purchase of books and MSS., and 8,300*l.* on binding. The British Museum has also this great advantage over the Bodleian, that every book which is printed in this country must be sent there, without any demand, while the ancient privileges of the Bodleian of obtaining books published in this kingdom, without payment, can only be exercised after regular requisition in each case.

Is it, then, under these circumstances, an extravagant proposal that a sum of 10,000*l.* a year should be provided for the Central Library of Oxford, in addition to the 2,000*l.* now spent by the

¹ Since the above was written, the Auditors of the University accounts have appended to their annual report the statement that the income of the Bodleian is inadequate to meet the expenditure should that be continued at the present rate (*Times*, Nov. 19, 1875).

Colleges and Special Institutions upon Libraries, and even, also, in addition to such further sums as, in this last respect, it may be proposed to expend for the special needs and practical requirements of the faculties and professions? Can there be any doubt of the answer when the 6,000*l.* annually required can be supplied from available resources in Oxford—from quarters which have acknowledged the general duty of making a contribution to University purposes—without affecting any interests, vested, contingent, or remote?

Lest there should be any inclination to characterize the proposed expenditure as unproductive, an illustration derived from the Free Libraries Act may be useful, as showing the practical view on this point of such a great commercial centre as Birmingham. It is scarcely twenty years since this Act was passed, yet it has already been so zealously taken advantage of, that, in that city, as much as 7,382*l.* is annually raised from the rates for the express purpose of maintaining an excellently organized Library, a Reading-room, and Art-gallery; and it appears by a recent report, that from the Lending Library alone, as many as 330,000 volumes were issued in 1874.

If it should be said that in the vast mass of ephemeral literature continually poured forth there is much of worthless rubbish, or at most possessing only a temporary value; it may be replied that this enforces all the more pressing need of some kind of order, some kind of plan in the mighty maze. Books, we know, are not learning,¹ neither is learning wisdom. In the infinitude of books, however, as in other things, the trash of one generation becomes the highly-prized treasure of another. In the meanwhile, on the single principle of the economy of force, it is more than ever desirable to aim at getting rid of the worthless material by

some comprehensive and systematic scheme. In the presence of the vast accumulation of facts, and wilderness of books recording those facts, it is above all scientific method and true criticism which are needed, whereby those facts can best be condensed, and the rubbish most effectively set aside.

This is the work a University can accomplish and bring out, and this is what Mr. Carlyle says it did for him: "It taught me to read in various languages, in various sciences, so that I could go into the books which treated of those things, and gradually penetrate into any department of knowledge I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me."²

Some effective aid towards scientific progress can therefore be performed by a University Library System always advancing towards perfection; and an important element in this efficiency is a complete system of arrangement, of classification, and of cataloguing, and the localization of subjects according to particular departments of knowledge in separate rooms, buildings, or institutions contiguous to, or in connection with, the main library. Amidst a variety of testimony in corroboration of this view, it may be permitted to refer to that of Sir H. Bishop given to the University Commission of 1850:—

"Amongst other causes for the advancement of the study of music, I know of none other more important, more worthy to be seriously considered, than the establishment of a distinct library of music, which, from its completeness and classification, should comprise a perfect history of the progress of the musical art." (P. 266, *Evidence*.)

To quote from a pamphlet on the All Souls' Library, privately printed some years back:—

"No one in London, wishing to consult many law-books, would ever resort for that purpose to the British Museum, although he might be living within a stone's throw, if he had also the power to use the library at Lincoln's Inn."³

¹ "— Out of books

He taught me all the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says 'Here I'm learned; this I understand;
In that, I am never caught at fault or doubt.'"

Aurora Leigh.

² Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, 1866.

³ While gratefully acknowledging the many admirable arrangements adopted in the Libraries of the Inns of Court, the hope may be expressed that further progress will be made

The advantages of classification, it need scarcely be observed, are in every way compatible with those to be derived from the one general alphabetical catalogue, which should be so maintained as to form a complete index to the whole University Library system, including, where feasible, the Libraries of the various Colleges.

The Commission of 1850 suggested that by co-operation between the University and College Libraries their resources might be expended in a manner more conducive to the general interests of learning, so that they might be made to supplement rather than repeat the Bodleian. This economy has hitherto been adopted by the Physical Science Library at the New Museum, the Library for Foreign Literature at the Taylor Institution, the Botanical Library, and, to a certain extent, though not yet established in connection with the University Library system, by the All Souls' Law Library. A special character has also in some instances been imparted by accidental benefactions to the libraries attached to other Colleges, but, it is believed, there is little of fixed and definite policy directed to the maintenance of such character, and whatever is now accomplished in this direction is on a comparatively small scale.

This specialization of libraries subordinate to the Bodleian can be more effectively accomplished in connection with those special institutions which belong essentially to the movement for the restoration of faculty or special studies as the conclusion of a University curriculum.¹ This object, which

in extending their benefits to each other on a reciprocal principle; that it should not be so contrived as to completely close them all at one and the same time in the Vacation; and that, at least, the Librarian of Lincoln's Inn should have power to order such a publication as one of the chief works on the Judicature Acts without waiting many weeks for the return of the Benchers, and a meeting of the Library Committee.

¹ Though this movement may, perhaps, involve the remodelling of the University degrees, it is to be cordially desired that the restoration of special studies may be considered on its merits, without any attempt to impart a factitious importance to the various grades, tickets, and badges of learning.

has been called for alike by the increase of knowledge and by the urgent needs of the professions, occupies a principal place in the *Suggestions on Academical Organization* :—

"The imagination and the taste; the employment and discernment of language; the perception of beauty by the eye; to speak, to write, to argue, to reason; all these are capacities or accomplishments to be improved or formed by education at some period. But all these, beautiful as adjuncts, form only a superficial mental character, if the great work of education, the establishment of an exact habit of judgment, of the philosophical intellect, has not been achieved. The acquisition of this habit cannot be made through generalities, or through literature, or by promiscuous reading. Still less is the scientific habit generated by the pantological schemes now so much in favour, which those who are their dupes describe as 'an adequate acquaintance with the fundamental principles of all the departments of science.' It can only be educed by setting the understanding to investigate for itself the laws of some one chief department of knowledge or division of objects. It is not the matters known that make science, but the mode of knowing. * * * * The faculty student is not to be expected at twenty-two to have exhausted his subject; but he may have been initiated into an exhaustive method of learning it" (p. 265—7).

In the conflict of claims between the general and the special, the necessities of life too frequently give a priority to the latter. Such risk as there may be in the specializing of study is better met at a University than elsewhere—a University where men are brought together under one common focus; where they are united not only by the historical and architectural associations of the place, but by a unity of endeavour and of interests; where beautiful idealisms of excellence have so often predominated, and where liberal culture has for so long been a practical end.

It is this power of liberalizing the professions which distinguishes the Universities from technical schools, and which, according to Dr. Playfair, is the very foundation and justification for professional training at the Universities.²

Let it be granted, then, that the claims made on behalf of libraries and special institutions will be recognized in any reorganization of the University.

² Address at St. Andrews, 1873.

If there should be an appropriation of any College to a particular faculty, or profession, the *sum* of 2,500*l.* a year for the special library or institution cannot be deemed an excessive estimate. We have endeavoured to show above that in order to make up the independent income of the Bodleian to an amount barely sufficient to meet its requirements, a further sum of 6,000*l.* will be annually necessary; but of course, if, in addition to this, the University should continue its ordinary grant, the Bodleian has abundant need for the additional revenue. The chief question, then, remains for consideration—from what quarter are these two annual sums of 6,000*l.* and of 2,500*l.* to be expected?

More than one of the Colleges have, indeed, promised some little assistance to the Bodleian in the shape of a Fellowship; and Christ Church, with characteristic generosity, has even expressed its willingness to borrow for the purpose if other contingencies should fail.

However, it is at All Souls' that the desired object can be effected with the greatest ease, and with little or no possible injury to other University projects. This College has already taken a very decided step in the direction of associating itself with the University by means of its magnificent Library, specialized to the subject of Law in 1867, when a public Reading-room was built, and at the same time provision was made for its being continually open. Of all the College libraries in Oxford, this is by far the best and largest. It holds so unique a position in relation to the College, that, in the words of the latest annalist of All Souls', "it is the chief subject of interest in the College, and that by which the importance of the institution has been chiefly sustained to our own day."¹

The reputation of the College would have been greatly extended if the opportunity had been seized of the opening of the Library to have made that superior to those of the purely professional institutions of law, and to have converted the College, from the facilities which it

might then have offered, into a convenient academical centre for public men, officials, jurists, and the legal profession at large. The College itself would have recovered unity and independence, its example would have strengthened other Collegiate institutions, and the step which the Rector of Lincoln advocated in 1868, of the economizing of College resources by devoting those of each College to some special branch of study, would have been anticipated. For any College to have done all this voluntarily would have been creditable, but in one which had hitherto distinguished itself by isolation from the life of the University, it would have revealed the existence of a new spirit.

However, although the times and circumstances which might lend significance to the action no longer exist, the opportunity may not be wholly gone. The obstacles which are presented by the settled purposes and life of other Colleges, with their undergraduates, have no existence in this case. The College is confessedly destitute of definite aims; and, unless it were for the support of its Library, would almost present a *tabula rasa* so far as academical objects are concerned. There is no undergraduate life, no resident graduate element is required by Statute, and such as actually exists is exceedingly small; moreover, there are no ecclesiastical restrictions such as limit, in the opinion of some, the free action of other Colleges, the Headship and Fellowships at All Souls' being open to all laymen.

There was however one peculiarity for centuries associated with the College history, and for the sake of which many would desire to leave the Fellowships untouched if there existed any opportunity for its revival. This peculiarity owed its origin to many circumstances in former times, but notably, in the seventeenth century to the recommendations to Fellowships by the Crown, by Chancellors and by Archbishops, which at that time so constantly gave rise to disputes and contentions in the Fellowship elections.

Any institution, inspired, either at that period or later, by a genuine desire

¹ *Worthies of All Souls'*, by Prof. Burrows, 1874 (p. 388).

to keep up a true ideal of an educated gentleman, and having also the capacity of giving effect to that desire without suspicion of smaller ends, would have had claims for a favourable judgment. If the opinion of Huber is correct, those claims would indeed have been great. In his work on *English Universities*—first published in Germany in 1839, and afterwards translated by Mr. F. W. Newman—the influence of Oxford and Cambridge a century ago is thus described:—

“With all his defects, foibles, and faults, the old English gentleman was one of the most striking and admirable forms of national education in any period of time or in any nation; and it was, in fact, this race which ruled and represented England at the last period; and to them she principally owes her power, her glory, and her importance; and they were essentially the production of the University education, University studies, and the University life of that period.” (Vol. ii. p. 347.)

But the time has passed away when an exclusive ideal could be maintained by a large corporation consisting of from thirty to forty members; and, amid the rivalry of other Colleges, it at all times required a combination of felicitous circumstances which certainly do not now exist.¹

There is small probability then that the prevailing opinion concerning Fellowships in general will make any exception in favour of the Fellowships at All Souls'; nor can it be said that they foster in any marked degree the studies of Law and History, for which they were intended by the Commissioners of 1854. They directed that every candidate for a Fellowship should have attained academical honours equivalent to a first class,

¹ At the present moment, in so far as [such a corporation fills up its numbers by open competition, depending upon examination, it is constantly exposed to one of the two alternate charges, either of having set aside its ideal, or of having neglected to examine effectively; and, unfortunately, its liability to this latter charge is increased when, the examination being directed by a committee nominated by the Head, and the election being virtually decided at a secret and informal meeting, a result is produced which, as a whole, has the merits of neither the old system of selection nor the modern one of competition.

but there was no accompanying condition in favour of such honours being in the new school of Law and History. It was consequently many years before a candidate so qualified was elected. And in 1870 it was reported to the College “that the practical working of the Ordinance which has now had thirteen years trial cannot be said to have resulted in any material benefit to the study of Law and History, or to have added in any degree to the distinctive usefulness of the College as connected with that study.” To judge, then, from the past, the school, which has of late been subdivided into the schools of History and Jurisprudence, will suffer little by the future diversion of the All Souls' Fellowships.

The utilization of the funds which may arise from the future vacancies of Fellowships, and the occupation of the empty buildings, situated as they now are in one of the best and most central sites of Oxford, are, therefore, the chief conditions of the problem as regards this College to which a solution is required.² As has before been related, some steps have already been taken to associate the College with the general study of Law and its kindred subjects. Moreover, the Commissioners appointed in 1850 recommended that, out of forty Fellowships at All Souls', twenty-four should be appropriated to University purposes; but this was ultimately modified, so that ten only were so taken; and from these were founded the Chichele Professorship of International Law and Diplomacy, and that of Modern History.³ The appropriation of the

² This statement would require some modification as to the College Buildings if there was a probability of any effect being given to Professor Max Müller's desire to utilize them for the benefit of the selected candidates of the India or Civil Service; but definite steps for their reception have already been taken by Balliol College.

³ A little more than three centuries before these last foundations, at the time when All Souls' had barely escaped suppression under the Act of Parliament suppressing Chantries, Archbishop Cranmer, according to Anthony Wood, designed to re-arrange the whole system of Colleges, with a view to the pursuit of different lines of study in each, and All Souls' was to be entirely devoted to civil law.

College to special purposes, is, then, not only not new, but has been the spontaneous act of the College with respect to its Library within the last few years. The proposals now put forth aim at bringing about the permanent union of the College with the Bodleian Library, and also at the same time at obtaining for the University and the College all the advantages of an Incorporated Institute of Law, and likewise giving to the legal profession at large all the benefits of such an established academical centre.

It remains only to describe and to consider the practical details of the manner in which these ends are to be effected. According to the return presented to the Universities Commission in 1874, the revenue of All Souls' nearly equalled the united revenues of Balliol, University and Trinity. In round numbers the gross income for the year 1871 was somewhat above 19,000*l.*, and this is anticipated by a series of yearly additions to amount in the year 1880 to 23,000*l.* But this sum of 23,000*l.*, before becoming available, must be subjected to the deduction, firstly, of fixed charges, payments in connection with the estates and management of the estates, rates and taxes, repairs, subscriptions, and sums for the augmentation of the advowson property of the College, the whole of which, according to the returns already referred to, will be about 5,000*l.*; and, secondly, to the deduction of about 2,000*l.* for the Chapel (including the Chaplains and four Bible clerkships, as at present) the Kitchen, and maintenance of the fabric. There is, then, a balance of 16,000*l.* a year, the greater portion of which may be regarded as the fund to be dealt with by the forthcoming University Commission. If we take the ordinary average of vacancies, so as to allow for the expiration of present interests, it may be estimated that in fourteen years' time nearly the whole of this sum of 16,000*l.* will be available.

In making the large subtraction from the Fellowship fund in favour of other objects which is the basis of the present proposal, it must be remembered that the practice of dividing the surplus

College revenue amongst the Fellows was not established until the time of Archbishop Laud, nearly two centuries after the foundation of the College, and that, in fact, we are only following the recommendation of Archbishop Abbot,¹ who, in his capacity as Visitor, in 1629, instead of such a division of the surplus, urged that it should be employed in the purchase of books. The chief care and consideration should be for the readjustment of the endowment fund in such a manner that the corporate continuity of the College should not be endangered by too limited a *personnel*. If, then, of this 16,000*l.*, which we have taken as the available revenue, the sum of 5,000*l.* a year should be appropriated to the Bodleian, (exclusive of any addition to the Librarianship), and 2,500*l.* a year to the special College Library, Reading-room, &c., there will still remain an annual sum of 8,500*l.* for the endowment and maintenance of the College Corporation, inclusive of the 1,000*l.* now proposed to be added to the Bodleian Librarianship, which should be united with the Wardenship of the College, the election to the double office being vested in the Curators of the Bodleian. The want of an official residence for the University Librarian in close proximity to the Bodleian, which has been frequently expressed, would then be supplied. The emoluments of the Librarianship amount at present to nearly 1,000*l.* a year: and it is suggested that in addition the Warden-Librarian should receive an equal sum from the College, but that provision should be made from one or other of these sums for the payment of his Secretary. Should the existing two Chichele Professorships be left permanently on their present footing they will take from the annual revenue under consideration as much as 3,000*l.*, and there will then be a balance of 4,500*l.* a year remaining. Demands have lately been made upon the University for a Resident Professor of English Law, and likewise one of Roman Law, besides Lecturers. To satisfy these requirements, 2,000*l.*

¹ *Worthies of All Souls*, p. 112.

a year could be appropriated to two Professorships of Law, tenable for ten years only. There would remain an annual sum of 2,500*l.* subject to increase from surplus revenue, and it is proposed that this should be left for seven Fellowships. We may reasonably surmise that, at the time when this part of the scheme could come into effective operation, many years hence, there would be no difficulty in the College itself providing the seven Fellows with well-defined responsibilities and duties, in connection, either with legal studies and pursuits, in or beyond Oxford, or with *Bibliotheks-wissenschaft*, according to circumstances or occasional needs. One of the Fellowships might be attached to the Sub-Librarianship of the special department, and two Fellowships might be bestowed by way of pension on those who had served the University in certain definite offices for a lengthened period. The College would then consist of the following twelve Corporators: the Warden-Librarian, the Chichele Professors, two Professors of Law, and seven Fellows. The primary duty and common purpose of this body would be the development of an Institute of Law in Oxford, together with the guardianship of the Library of All Souls', as a subordinate branch of the Bodleian.

This library, under such fostering care and with such resources, may in course of time be expected to become an example of selection and arrangement, as well as one of the most perfect Public Libraries of Jurisprudence and Official Literature existing anywhere. Arrangements, under these new circumstances, for the assistance and co-operation of the University and other Colleges could of course then be easily brought about, but, to guard against any possible collision, a limited control in this branch library should be vested in the Bodleian Curators, for doubtless the Bodleian would deposit therein many of its own books.

It should be observed, with reference to the College buildings, that under the new scheme, there will always be the

nucleus of an active resident body. In addition to this, it is to be expected that much vacant space in the buildings will be occupied by reading-rooms of various kinds, and other public rooms. Some sets of rooms, too, might be reserved for a limited time, at the disposal of the College, for the use of distinguished students, not belonging to the University, resorting temporarily to Oxford.

The union of the Bodleian Librarianship with the Headship of a College may seem at first anomalous; but it is apprehended that the suggested union of the College with the Bodleian Library will obviate the difficulties which might otherwise possibly arise. Should the retirement of the Warden-Librarian ever become necessary under the new scheme, the same authority and the same act which at present apply to the Librarian would be found sufficient. Nor would the Librarian have any appreciable addition to his duties by assuming the Headship of the College; and in any special work connected with the Legal Institute he would have the assistance of the eleven other Corporator-Fellows of the College. Supreme over the whole University Library system would be the Curators of the Bodleian, ultimately responsible to the University. No attempt has been made here to direct attention to this subject, to inquire whether the Curators are chosen on the most suitable plan or not; whether their body is heterogeneous or unwieldy; whether their administrative machinery is effective or otherwise. It has been conceived that, in the event of these remarks succeeding in obtaining a favourable hearing, all these questions, upon the right settlement of which so much of the efficiency of the scheme would finally turn, would receive that attention from those acquainted with the local details of University business which would go far to ensure a just conclusion.

It is not, for a moment, to be anticipated that there will ever be a large amount of purely professional students permanently making use of such advan-

tages as an Institute of Law in Oxford might afford. Nevertheless it is true that the Inns of Court have many students who only resort to their Libraries for literary purposes, or for those of antiquarian and historical law, or for foreign and scientific jurisprudence, or for purposes connected with the business of legislation, for collation and reference. The profession, as well as the official world, would gain by such an established connection with the University, and at any rate there would be a slight prospect that Milton's¹ "prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity" would be the recognised groundwork of a legal career; and that the profession of advocacy would be acknowledged, as in the best days of republican Rome, to be the highest and noblest of all callings.² There may be little commercial and small prospect of direct professional value in what may be obtained at Oxford away from the Law Courts, yet as an educational instrument, and as a branch of academical learning for all, Jurisprudence is none the less valuable; meaning by this term, a methodical and historical knowledge of the essential principles embodied in the laws of one's country, and of the salient features of those portions of the laws of other countries with which they may be usefully compared, or contrasted; as well as a knowledge of the origin and growth of legal conceptions, and also a knowledge of those general principles which affect the form—as distinguished from those (*e.g.* ethical and economical) which affect the substance—of all legislation. The great public advantage of the University imbuing those who may be destined for public and official life with the *generalia* of law, with accurate habits of thought

¹ *Letter on Education.*

² Though Dr. Arnold (*Life*, p. 327) seems to think that advocacy is inconsistent with a strong perception of truth, he speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the study of Law (p. 91); and, it is presumed, he must have overlooked the consideration that the mental habit founded on the love of truth, and on the knowledge of its many-sidedness, is nowhere likely to be so readily engendered as in the constant use of a procedure framed for the discovery of fact.

and expression, and with sound views of legislation, is manifest;³ and this, in addition to an improved juridical literature, and the advancement of law and legislation as a science, by a body of men specially devoted to its independent study, is what many leading Statesmen and Judges and others entitled to authority have hoped for from the localisation of a Faculty of Law. But, of course, these latter considerations are subject to the one essential condition of such relations being established with the heads of the legal profession and with those engaged in the regular and daily practice of legal pursuits as would entitle this part of the design to the support and confidence of every branch of the profession; and this would be the more necessary, for there would not be that constant collision and daily criticism of actual practitioners, which occupies so prominent a place in the Faculty proposed by Austin (vol. iii. 373), for which the opinion of students and pupils is, at best, but a slight substitute.

Let it be remarked, in conclusion, that the affairs and needs of the University, and of the Colleges which make up the University, are essentially *publici juris*. For the public good the law has conferred upon the Colleges the advantages of relaxing the laws of property; and as national institutions they enjoy an ancient prestige, and peculiar privileges. Remove the Colleges and their independent life, and what is there remaining of the University as it is ordinarily conceived? "A reform of Christ Church," it has been said, "would be half a reform of the University."⁴ The practical amalgamation of a College such as All Souls' with the Bodleian, and the conversion of one part of the College into an Institute of Law, cannot therefore be said to be an object other than of the highest academical significance, or one unbefitting public attention and general interest.

³ See as to this Lord Neaves's Inaugural Address at St. Andrews, 1873.

⁴ *Suggestions on Academical Organization*, p. 242.

Moreover, legislation for themselves has been virtually taken away from the Colleges by the Privy Council in anticipation of a comprehensive Parliamentary scheme; and no room is left for dilatory and ambiguous measures, unless they should proceed from those in authority undertaking the complicated task without competent skill and knowledge.

The Institute of Law herein proposed would have a relation to legal studies similar to that which the Taylor Institution at Oxford is intended to have to the study of modern European languages, and it would be comparable to the Indian Institute which so many Orientalists desire to see established at Oxford, a centre of union, inquiry, and instruction for all engaged in Indian studies. As the University would be a national Institution for the preservation, cultivation, and transmission of the best of every kind of knowledge, so would the particular College appropriated to a special faculty be as regards the knowledge appertaining to that faculty.

At the same time, and by the same means, the urgent demands of the University on behalf of the Bodleian will have been liberally met, and a perplexing void in University life will have been filled up. And, above all, the

views of those will have been forwarded who seek to restore the University as an organization devoted to the "gathering and seeking those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of truth," and to the cultivation of all that is beautiful and enduring in learning or in letters.

The result may, perhaps, be that the University will not exist mainly as a high school, and it may not have for its ideal the training of youths who should be making a professional income at the age of twenty-one. Notwithstanding this result few will doubt the truth of the assertion that a school of the highest form of education can only exist on condition of being attached to such an organization—an organization which, though it may fail to attract those with most leisure to enjoy its benefits, or those who, from their intelligence, or by their position, should aspire to lead public opinion, will yet have for a splendid example the Alexandrian Library and Museum, whose powerful impress upon thought, upon discovery, upon practical invention and upon every branch of learning then extant, the civilized world continues to acknowledge after the lapse of nearly two thousand years.

C. H. ROBERTS.

SOME TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

At a time when art and literature are daily taking a stronger hold on all classes of society, and are obtaining by degrees their proper recognition and position, it follows naturally that a steadily increasing interest is felt in the personal history of great artists and authors, and that people who delight in their works should wish also to know something of their lives, their habits, and modes of working. In this there is nothing but what is most just and reasonable. Few men can see a work of art without caring to know who or what like was the man that made it: few can resist the spell of sympathy that is exercised by the artist; and the first consequence of yielding to the charm is a very natural curiosity about the artist himself. No details of his life or tastes seem too trivial to his devoted admirers: his words, on small as well as on important occasions, are remembered; his looks, his actions, are observed and carefully set down; and anecdotes, more or less authentic, are recorded to gratify the appetite of the curious. Locks of his hair, his shoe-buckles, or lace-ruffles, are treasured as though they retained some portion of the personal charm of their former wearer. That his portrait, or his letters and manuscripts, should be scrupulously preserved is yet more natural; and from the latter, of course, a new light is very frequently thrown upon his works, as we before possessed and knew them. To understand an artist's character cannot but help us to understand his works more thoroughly than they could be understood without some such knowledge of himself: for, as no human action can be properly valued for good or bad, unless we clearly see the motives which dictated it, so no work of art can ever be truly appreciated except with a clear comprehension of its author's

purpose. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the habits of life, the health, the circumstances, and the consequent temperament of an author, must surely influence the tone and spirit of his compositions, and stamp upon them the result of the multitudinous causes which have affected his own disposition. From a man like Beethoven, leading a life of retirement, a prey to ill-health and the constant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the catastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character? And, indeed, though relieved occasionally by strains of heavenly joy and brightness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we constantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-failing gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tempered as were those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of character that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relating to their habits and mode of composition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons

of fasting, prayer, and meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church music and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works chiefly, and of their lives we have but few particulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attachment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the Republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the master and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for a fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wondrous beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his Ortensia to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the

most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three or four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to recopy it. Hence it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Handel, though he frequently recurred to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements of his own—or of others'—compositions for the work before him, was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the *Messiah*. At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes, and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing, he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the *Rinaldo* of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Handel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The Signor Handel," he says, "the

Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion,—I would rather say your justice,—remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Handel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenser, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*.'" Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing

in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one thought," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Handel said that he knew no more counterpoint "as mein cook,"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and his other works." This reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in *Iphigénie en Aulide* at the opera, said, "Tiens,—c'est *Iphigénie en champagne*!"

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer, born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote *Medonte*, the rondo "Mia speranza," and his finest air, "La dolce compagna." Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked

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to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed his *Orasii* and his *Matrimonio Segreto*, for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subjects of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air "*Pria che spunti*" (*Matrimonio Segreto*), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of *Lucio Vero*, *Il Cid*, and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted when composing to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his *Barbiere*, the *Molinara*, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of *Pyrrhus*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments "soared among the angelic choirs." Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn re-

ceived from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that "He was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn." "*Les choses ne se repètent pas*," says the proverb; but a very similar thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something "in the style of his second symphony or his septett." Beethoven's answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn's.

Haydn's life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mdlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not

complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mlle. Strinassacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, &c. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately-lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to *Don Giovanni*, perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose

for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music, with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent *Sonata Appassionata* he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid Finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of char-

coal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his Symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartett, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the

whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death, the *Walpurgis-night* nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that what is worth doing, is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream,—or, more properly speaking, a nightmare,—that Tartini composed his famous sonata for violin, called the *Trillo del Diavolo*. Rossini, if report may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his

ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a hansom cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself, with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his own manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk:—

"*Memorandum.* Upon the 20th of May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l.* At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l.* of it, wrote my *Alchymist*. . . . I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T——. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . *Memorandum.* The first speech in my *Catiline*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and *had brave notions*. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen.

JULIAN MARSHALL.

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MR. BROWNING'S "INN ALBUM."

AMONG the many reasons we have to be grateful to the poets of our time, not the least, perhaps, is that, to use a rather homely expression, they are one and all hard workers in their art; and this in more than one way. Not only have they bestowed more care on form and execution than, for example, most of the poets of the beginning of this century appear to have done, but they have been, as a rule, also lavish in point of quantity. Of none of them except Mr. Arnold (and surely we need not despair of having more poetry from him) do we say, as we do of Gray or Coleridge, "How perfect, but alas! how scanty." And to none of them ought we to be more thankful on this account than to Mr. Browning. To say nothing of his earlier writings, the rapidity with which during the last five or six years he has produced poem after poem of such various kinds, each, whatever its excellences and whatever its defects, full of vigour and intellectual energy, is very remarkable, and may not unfitly be counted part of his "kindred to the great of old." In any estimate of Mr. Browning's poetry as a whole, the fertility in production, of which we have a new instance in the *Inn Album*, would assuredly not be lost sight of; nor should we forget it or any of the qualities which have placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets when we come to the consideration of a particular poem, which may seem to us not so strongly marked by those qualities as most of his works. It is the misfortune of criticism of any particular production that it has to consider the latter purely on its own merits, and too much out of its relation to that body of poems of which it forms often an insignificant and sometimes hardly a worthy member.

The common complaint against the *Inn Album* is that it is melodramatic

or sensational; and perhaps it may be useful to consider how far this accusation is justified. In order to do this, we ought to have some definite idea of its meaning. It refers, of course, to the incidents of the story, which, for purposes of hostile criticism, may be described as dealing with seduction, gambling, suicide, proposed adultery, and murder. It is obvious, however, that the mere presence of startling crimes in a poem is not enough to make it melodramatic; if it were, most tragedies would be melodramas, and *Hamlet* would be condemned on the ground that it is concerned with a ghost, madness, suicide, several murders, and manslaughter; and, though it is impossible to conjecture what reception *Hamlet* would meet with from critics if it appeared for the first time now, it is generally considered to be a tragedy and not a melodrama, in spite of the "criminal" incidents. On the other hand, if the same incidents were related by Miss Braddon, they would assuredly be sensational. And the reason of the difference seems to lie in the fact that, if such incidents are to be tragic and not melodramatic, they must be lifted by the characters and passions of the actors into a spiritual atmosphere; they must cease to be mere events, and must be apprehended as the result or expression of great emotion and passionate will, coloured through and through, and robbed of their every-day horror, by the grandeur or pathos which belong to the struggle of a noble, beautiful, or strong soul, whether its strength issues in acts morally good or morally evil. It is, indeed, an inaccuracy to say that the same events happen in a tragedy and in a melodrama or an ordinary novel; there is little identity in a commonplace murder and the "murder" of Desdemona beyond that of the simple

physical act, which in the eyes of art is all but absolutely insignificant. And it is just because a police-report or a sensation-novel lays stress on this insignificant and repulsive aspect of the event, and connects it, at best, with mean characters and vulgar passions, that it is ugly and worthless.

Now it is both incorrect and unjust to say that the *Inn Album* appeals to those tastes which are gratified by a police-report. Not only is there an entire absence of anything like offensive detail, but there is really no *description* whatever of any of the "criminal" incidents. More than that, they are in some degree connected with the persons in the manner to which we have alluded. And yet they fail to become tragic and do remain, we think, melodramatic, confronting us almost in their native ugliness, because this connection or fusion is incomplete. How is it that it is incomplete?

Mr. Browning has thrown great difficulties in the way by the mode of treatment which he has adopted. The prosaic or literal side of the story is forced on our attention by the improbability of the plot, and still more by the strong colours in which the principal figures are painted. It is a natural demand that in an essentially modern poem we should see the reflection of the time and its society, but we do not want to hear the slang of the moment, nor is it necessary to the reality of the characters that they should often speak in language even less poetical than that of ordinary conversation. But the talk between the two men is sometimes really nothing less than vulgar; and many passages of the work are reduced even more completely to the level of every-day life by a use of local and "temporal" colouring which hardly befits any form of serious poetry except satire. Allusions to Mr. Ruskin, to Mr. Browning himself, to "Polo, Tent-pegging, Hurlingham, the Rink," to Galopin, "Sir Richard," the "World," "Gladstone, Carlyle, the Laureate," "Dizzy" (these in the first thirty-seven pages), are audacious enough to be characteristic, but they would come

more fitly from some enthusiast for the shallowest so-called realism, than from a poet of the most fertile resource. And we only mention them here because they illustrate the point on which we are dwelling—that the externals of the story are brought into such staring relief that the difficulty of harmonizing them with the soul of the poem into a living unity is greatly heightened.

But there is a further reason for this disunion. That which makes the incidents melodramatic is just the fact that the whole interest of the poem is the reverse of melodramatic. It is centred in the characters, or in the principal character; and we are so much, so exclusively, occupied with the psychological revelation that violent action jars on us. It is, we believe, partly this faculty of psychological presentation and analysis which makes Mr. Browning so pre-eminently successful in monologue, as distinguished from the drama, or semi-dramatic works like the *Inn Album*. His strength lies in his creation of, and insight into, character, and in his extraordinary power of making the character reveal itself in words through all its windings and in all its recesses. But in the drama the character is revealed and developed not merely by speech, but by action and reaction on others, producing a movement in which this subtle reflection is out of place; and in this movement there is a perfect union of outside and inside, event and character. Here, on the contrary, it is hard for the reader to regard the rake and the heroine, the boy and girl as *dramatis personæ*. They are introduced to him only in the closing scenes of the play, and their spiritual nature is laid bare before him, but he is interested in each of them, each by himself, as "men and women," rather than in the whole action of which they are parts; and when they suddenly clash together in a catastrophe, he remains unmoved, and the catastrophe appears to him melodramatic.¹

¹ It may be worth while to remark that, if the poem were a melodrama or a novel, we should be told what became of the boy and

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And this is not all. Not only are the persons rather studies of character than actors in a drama, but, as it appears to us, they are too insignificant, or it may be too obscurely portrayed, for the events in which they are concerned. The events are too large for them. If the ruin or victory of a soul is to be tragic, there must be something great and strong in it, and it must be capable of exciting sympathy of a peculiar kind,—not merely the sympathy we feel with common sorrow or failure, or even with the struggle of an uncommon nature which yet does not express itself in momentous action. For instance, there is tragedy enough, in the loose sense of the word, in that frequent history of our day, the fluctuations and descent or restoration of a nature, which, without having much substance, has vivid powers of reflection and unresting self-consciousness. But that history, though it may be well treated in lyrical poetry or monologue, is not likely to be the centre of a good drama or of a poem cast in the mould of the *Inn Album*. And so, in the present case, can we say that the persons of the story rouse a sufficient tragic interest in us to justify their violent action? We think not. If we care for any of them, it is for the girl, who brings the beauty of a bright sweet nature into the poem, but who, like her cousin, is certainly not tragic, and, quite rightly, has least to do with the catastrophe. We fancy that if we could get a firmer hold of the elder woman's character, it would give us the element of strength and heroism that is wanting; but unfortunately this is what Mr. Browning does not allow us to do; it is hard to imagine her as a real woman, impossible to feel the fascination which she exercises over all the other persons; she repels us by her stoniness, her self-assertion, and her downright coarseness of mind—we

girl. We must refuse to accept an evil suggestion which arose within us at the first reading, that the beginning of the girl's speech as she "mounts the stair" (p. 209) has a double meaning, and is intended to give us this information.

refer particularly to the scene where she describes her life with her husband to the seducer whom she is supposed to loathe. Our whole interest is thrown on the rake, and while we follow his self-revelation with wonder, we feel that he is too wretched, too contemptible, too empty a being to support action, which requires us to feel the emotion of tragedy and not merely the enjoyment of psychological creation and portraiture.

But let us leave our explanation of an apparent defect, and look rather more closely at this character. In it, as we have said, lies the power of the work; and if we can help any one to appreciate that power, we shall perhaps be doing him a service, and shall ourselves be standing towards the poem in the only attitude which can be pleasant and natural, when we remember the debt which every lover of poetry owes to Mr. Browning. We can, however, offer only tentative remarks, in the truth of which we have a limited confidence. For there are passages, at the sense of which we can only guess, and we are conscious of much dimness in our general idea of the character. This dimness may be put down to weakness in us or obscurity in the poem itself, but we question whether it can be attributed entirely to the former. One has certainly no right to complain of not being able to set forth fully in prose what has been expressed in poetry; it would be strange indeed if one could, since analysis must needs fail to apprehend the whole truth or beauty of life, and the higher power of imagination knows how to fuse into one elements which to the lower power of reflection appear contradictory.¹ You

¹ The mistake of supposing that the "meaning" of a work of art can be adequately represented in any other form than its own special artistic form is seen most clearly when attempts are made at putting the "meaning" of a piece of music into words. The very word "meaning" is misleading: for it commonly signifies something expressible in language, and in this sense music can hardly be said to have a meaning. It does not follow that we are to fall into the equal absurdity of saying that it expresses nothing at all.

cannot possibly represent Falstaff, Iago, Cleopatra in critical prose, though it is well worth while to do what you can, because the attempt may help you to a more perfect imaginative appropriation of the character and the poetry. But this imaginative appropriation ought to be possible; and in the present case, we confess, we have not found it so.

The point of interest in this character lies in the union of intellectual superiority, and some too little explained strength of nature with the most hopeless moral corruption, and in the result which ensues when this divided soul comes into conflict with a nature whose strength does not lie in simple intellect, and therefore cannot be calculated by intellect or knowledge of the world. Though his designs are seen through, the profligate has gained an assured ascendancy over the young man, and has even won his friendship; and he only completes a long list of similar crimes when he deceives a woman of unusual force and independence, whose love demands soul in return for soul. Yet this insight and mastery are slaves working at the behest of an almost incredible pollution of mind, only so far unwilling slaves that they have made him meanly cynical instead of a mere voluptuary. He is conscious of his superiority, and does not know that it conceals a weakness which will wreck him. He is "old, and understands things," can overlook the workings of men's minds, and manage them, and has found that he can take in most of them and overcome the virtue of most women. And so he sees the world in his own likeness, and life as he himself lives it, and despises both. But alike in his words and in the issue of the action the poet has brought into sight with characteristic keenness and truth of imagination, the utter impotence of this apparent power. Opposite the world he looks down on, he stands helpless and nugatory. It rejects him, and he cannot help longing for its recognition. With so much cleverness, he knows that he is nothing, neither "rich, nor great, nor happy," nor known, except as a *roué*,

and perhaps a cheat. In spite of his vanity, which assures him that, though he has nothing to show, in himself he is a great being, and might have been a remarkable man; in spite of his refusal to admit that he has made himself what he is, his genuine admiration for his own wits, and his attempt to account for his chief mistake as due merely to a want of insight, he knows that his whole existence is a miserable failure.

This chief mistake occurs in the crisis of his life; we should rather say, what he thinks the crisis of his life; for after such a past it was next door to inevitable that he should act as he did. He meets with the heroine of the poem, a woman not only of wonderful beauty, but of a soul so far above his as to be out of reach of his understanding. His first feeling towards her, the spirit in which he sets himself to seduce her, he himself tells us in a speech almost too repulsive for poetry. He fancies that as usual he can see into all the recesses of her nature, look down on it, and calculate its workings beforehand. But in reality he has met what he cannot grasp, and therefore cannot conquer; he can ruin her peace and her life, but she herself is beyond his reach. The fascination she exercises over him shows his unconscious recognition of something above him, something which, if he cannot win it, will be his fate. He deceives her; and on the revelation of his baseness follows that of her grandeur. He loses the love which was given not to him, but to "his seeming;" and though, when he begins to think and speak of her, his intellect and character express not the truth (which lies in his instinctive subjection), but his wretched sham knowledge of the world and disbelief in all beauty and goodness, yet in his heart he knows he has lost his last chance; and, by a fine touch of poetic genius, this knowledge, coalescing with his corrupted heart, takes the form of a belief that her insatiable hatred is draining him of all his force and thwarting him in all his schemes, until at last it faces him to crush him for ever.

It is in this last flicker of manhood in him, this instinctive desire to win what is above him, this prostration before it in moments when it overpowers his intellect, that the tragedy of his doom (such as it is) and the only possibility of our caring about him lies; and we feel the presence of the master in the subtlety and vigour with which the effect of this new influence on his character is conceived. He clings to the idea that she might yet save him—

"Quicken me! Call me yours—
Yours and the world's—yours and the world's
and God's;—"

that here "Was life's prize grasped at, gained, and then let go;" but it is a mere delusion. It was too late: he lies in the bonds of the destiny he has himself created—his character. With this nature his impulse towards her, his faith in her, can only for a moment fuse itself; it never forms part of his clear consciousness, never touches his debased view of life; it remains a vague instinctive feeling, confronted and denied by his habitual being. Her fascination conquers him and even brings him on to his knees.¹ But the moment thought returns it is in the old inevitable shape. Like Iago, to whom he bears some faint resemblance (as Mr. Browning himself hints to us), he cannot believe in goodness or truth. He is hardly off his knees, and freed from the dominion of the feeling in which alone the last gleam of his better nature can come to him, before he deliberately forms a plan to get rid of his gambling debt, which presupposes that she is in reality without honesty, faithfulness, or purity. When he talks of her it is in the speech of his real self, eaten up with corruption and egotism. When she apparently accepts the proposal, he is only momentarily a little surprised, and then reassumes the experienced cynic who knows that all things are vanity and is surprised at nothing, and is ready

for a devil's dance over the success of his hideous plot. But in vain; with his abasement before her his one glimpse of the truth has disappeared, and the final victory of his intellect brings his fate upon his head. He has measured his strength against a force he cannot gauge, because there is nothing answering to it in him.

"Fools, what fools,
These wicked men are!"

cries his victim and conqueress. Like Iago again, it is given to him to mar the lives of others, but not to gain anything for himself. His whole being is evil and a lie, and therefore it shows itself to be not life and victory, but self-destruction and nothingness. That a vivid and deep impression of this nullity remains on the reader's mind is the one relief in an almost grotesque catastrophe, and the soul which so far holds the poem together: for we seem to catch a breath of the air of that world of tragedy, which is the vision of human life, freed from its accidents and littleness, and seen in its eternal truth.

Space forbids a more detailed examination of this character, and any account of the others. We have tried to indicate what we think the centre of interest in the whole poem; but we are bound to add that we have no firm confidence that the above sketch coincides with Mr. Browning's intention. His readers will perhaps have noticed the fact that, though he almost invariably speaks through the mouth of a "dramatic" person, there are yet few poets whose works are so strongly marked by one definite and constant way of regarding man's life. The recurrence of this doctrine (it hardly comes short of being a doctrine) in the *Inn Album* raises doubts as to the correctness of our analysis. We can only touch on two of its characteristics. The first lies in the conviction, most prominent in the *dramatis personæ*, that at some point in the history of every soul's sojourn on the earth the chance of success or failure is offered to it in its union or rejection of union with another soul,—a success which ensures the continuance

¹ Our remarks as to the difficulty of fully apprehending the character referred specially to this scene, which, however, contains far the finest passages in the book.

of this union into a future life or lives, a failure which may be made good in the soul's next embodiment, but which for its earthly existence is final. The reader will at once recognize this idea in the *Inn Album*, though less stress is laid on immortality than usual. It governs the whole tone of thought of the three chief persons, and we cannot be sure that Mr. Browning does not mean us to take it in earnest, even in the case of the rake. If this is so, our analysis of the character is in a measure incorrect; but without dwelling further on the point, we must confess that we find it impossible so to take it in earnest, and must regard the man's belief in it (which produces some of the best passages in the book) as one of the contradictions which give us an interest in him. His manner of regarding his previous pieces of villainy as "failures," instead of true expressions of a despicable nature growing with each crime more worthless, seems so false that it can hardly be intended to be anything but "dramatic." The second characteristic, which is also prominent in this poem, is connected with the first, and was, if we remember rightly, well brought out in an excellent essay on "Tennyson and Browning" by Prof. Dowden; we shall therefore only mention that it consists in the fact that each of Mr. Browning's characters tends to look on himself, as an individual, as the end of life and of the world so far as it touches him in particular; a position which, however true or fruitful for poetry, naturally obscures the equally true and poetical point of view, from which the individual is regarded rather as a member of a family, a society, &c., than as a single soul to be developed at all costs. Here again it will be at once perceived that the persons of the story, conspicuously the two principal ones, are possessed each in his own way by Mr. Browning's idea. This is obvious in the case of the rake, but it will be found equally true of the heroine, and especially of the spirit in which she regards her husband, and also the event which has ruined her life. We are not, of course, expressing any opinion on the

truth of this idea; but we must point out that its prominence in all the characters produces an unnatural monotony, and an impression that the author is using his actors as vehicles for his own reflections.

Criticism of the form of the *Inn Album*, understanding that word in its widest sense, would carry us beyond our limits; and it is an ungrateful task to comment on those passages which seem to us harsh or uncouth. Mr. Browning hints, in the mocking line, "That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form," what he has also expressly told us in one of his latest dedications, that the accusation of negligence is unjust. But, if he will forgive the remark, we would rather believe in negligence than in an intention, through which his earlier style has degenerated into mannerism. That this has been the case is, we fear, beyond doubt. Even in days when this phenomenon is so strangely common that we have hardly one distinguished poet whose later writings are not marred by eccentricities and tricks, and even prose, once considered faultless, begins to show signs of the same malady, there is no instance of decadence of language so distressing as the change of Mr. Browning's English into Browningese. And yet it is hardly fifty years since we had at least three poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron—who united perfect individuality of style with an almost entire absence of mannerism. But Mr. Browning's later verse is not merely abrupt and wearisomely alliterative; it has become so peculiar as hardly to remain English. Such expressions as the following: "Never fear But drugs, hand pestled at, have poisoned nose" (p. 120), or, "Then clasps to cover, sends book spinning off T'other side table" (p. 97), or, "Then they ring bell" (p. 32), are intolerable except in telegrams, and the hurry of life is not yet so mad that a poet need use that means of communication. And, again, has Mr. Browning any authority for the following constructions, which are certainly uncommon: "Your man, with my things, follow in the trap," for "let

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your man follow;" "more I think about, and less I like the thing," for "the less, &c.;" "I confided you the sort of hat he wore," for "confided to you;" "contest him for me," for "strive with him"? It is not easy to be enthusiastic over the destiny of the English language. It promises to spread itself indefinitely over the world; but, what with our slovenly pronunciation, which nobody can attempt to mend without affectation, and what with newspapers, and the abominable corruptions of American slang, it seems too probable that it will lose in quality what it gains in extension. And it is nothing less than a national misfortune that our highest living literary genius, and now, too, so real a poet as Mr. Browning, should have allowed themselves to slide into the use of dialects peculiar to themselves, instead of employing the mother-tongue which has sufficed for our great authors.

It is further a noteworthy fact that this short-hand manner prevails chiefly in the more common-place parts of Mr. Browning's poem, and almost, sometimes quite, disappears in the best passages, passages where passion informs the words. And we are glad, after so many references to unsatisfactory lines, to quote, as instances of this fact, some which seem to us full of beauty. See, for example, the speech beginning "Not you! But I see," on p. 56, down to the end of the next page; or, again, the conclusion of the rake's appeal on p. 136, &c. Here, again, are five lines which are an excellent illustration of the poet's most characteristic power of presenting condensed thought in condensed expression:—

"Safety induces culture: culture seeks
To institute, extend and multiply
The difference between safe man and man,
Able to live alone now; progress means
What but abandonment of fellowship?"
(P. 118.)

Or, to take a passage of a very different kind: the two men have been gambling all through the night in the parlour of the little inn; and, as candlelight yields to daylight, the younger throws back

the shutters and flings the window open; none but a true poet could have given us this lovely landscape in a few perfect words:—

"He leans into a living glory-bath
Of air and light, where seems to float and
move
The wooded watered country, hill and dale
And steel-bright thread of steam, a-smoke
with mist,
A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift
O' the sun-touched dew." (P. 4).

And once more, there is beauty of as high an order and in yet another manner in the fine speech in which the heroine repels the accusation that she had never loved the man who wronged her:—

"No love? Ah, dead love! I invoke thy
ghost
To show the murderer where thy heart
poured life
At summons of the stroke he doubts was
dealt
On pasteboard and pretence! Not love,
my love!
I changed for you the very laws of life:
Made you the standard of all right, all fair.
No genius but you could have been, no sage,
No sufferer—which is grandest—for the
truth!
My hero—where the heroic only hid
To burst from hiding, brighten earth one
day!
Age and decline were man's maturity;
Face, form were nature's type: more grace,
more strength,
What had they been but just superfluous
gauds,
Lawless divergence? I have danced through
day
On tiptoe at the music of a word,
Have wondered where was darkness gone
as night
Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!
Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
Your fancied presence; in companionship
I kept my finger constant to your glove
Glued to my breast; then—where was all
the world?
I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die
some death
Should save your finger aching! Who
creates
Destroys, he only: I had laughed to scorn
Whatever angel tried to shake my faith
And make you seem unworthy: you your-
self
Only could do that! With a touch 'twas
done.

"Give me all, trust me wholly!" At the
word

I did give, I did trust—and thereupon
The touch did follow. Ah, the quiet smile,

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The masterfully folded arm in arm,
As trick obtained its triumph one time
more!

In turn, my soul too triumphs in defeat:
Reason like faith moves mountains: love
is gone!"

After reading such poetry as this, in which the passionate expression is but just touched by the defect we have been noticing, we have little cause to fear that a mannerism, which must help to shorten the fame of Mr. Browning's later poems, has become inevitable to him. Everyone must hope that he will yet produce works not defaced by it. And happily no one can doubt that he has still in him rich stores of poetic energy, and of an energy which is in ceaseless activity in the most diverse directions.

But the imperfection of form is not the only thing which will, we believe, make productions like the *Inn Album* short-lived. Form and matter alike, the poem is pitched at a low level; and not even Mr. Browning's genius is sufficient to dignify a story which contains the elements of so little real pathos, and so painfully little beauty. With all its power, we are not refreshed, nor awed, nor uplifted by the *Inn Album*; it has no form to charm us, little brightness to relieve its gloom, and, except for the dramatic touches we have tried to indi-

cate, the human nature it shows us is too mean, or too commonplace, or too repellent, to excite more than the pleasure of following a psychological revelation. It may be said that poetry can find beauty anywhere, and that it is the glory of modern art to find it in what seems ugly or evil. We will not dispute it; but it does not follow that all things are equally good subjects for art, and especially for semi-dramatic art. We may have too much of seeking loveliness in dunghills. Your polisher will make you something of a common pebble, but it is better for him to choose a rough diamond for his work. The poets of the world, great or the greatest, have not wasted their power on intractable materials; nor did Mr. Browning do so in the days when he wrote *Paracelsus*, *Men and Women*, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, or *Abt Vogler*. May we not hope that his unique genius and untiring industry will yet be devoted to aspects of life and passion more worthy of them? May not those who care for poetry in England appeal to him for something fitter to stand with those works for which they can never cease to be grateful, even though he should again give them for bread such stones as *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* and the *Inn Album*?

A. C. BRADLEY.

*How I pity the people who a dream
have nothing to - 3/35*

THE HUMANITY OF THE GREEKS.¹

I HAVE already given some general account of Greek social life, which is now accessible to the public.² The various periods of Greek literature have there been interrogated for the hints which they afford as to manners and conversation, as to morals and religion. But, of course, so brief a sketch of so large a subject must necessarily be imperfect; there were many things implied with which all readers could not be familiar, many things mentioned in mere allusions, on which fuller knowledge may be acceptable. There is more especially one—and that the fairest—side of Greek life which was purposely passed over in silence. I mean the relation of Greek art to the ordinary life of the men that produced it. There can be no doubt that in this direction we have most of all to learn from the Greeks. For though modern days and modern culture can boast of much splendid art, and many noble artists, yet in almost every such modern development, this art has not touched the public, it has not leavened the mass, it has ever remained the privilege and the heritage of the few. The Greeks, on the contrary, had essentially a national art—an art not only to be comprehended by the ordinary man, but intended for his good and for his pleasure. The statesmen of those days, and the moral teachers also, felt that human nature must be improved by the beautiful as well as the good, that passion might be enlisted on the side of principle, that duty should be pursued as a delight, and not merely performed as an irksome labour. Hence the moral side of art was to them of deep significance; it was not, for example, the richness of harmony, and the grace of

melody, but the effects of the Doric scale, or of solemn rhythm, which to them seemed important; and they taught music universally, not only as a social amusement, but as a safeguard against weakness and indecision. Whether these things are so still, or whether they can again become so; how far the great results of Greek art are due to special circumstances, and how far to good legislation and general enlightenment—all this is a fascinating inquiry, and even in default of positive results will be in itself interesting and instructive. And so in many other respects, already touched in my former treatment, more light and a fuller discussion have been fairly demanded, and I cannot refuse to meet the challenge.

By way of introduction, therefore, to these more special chapters on the details of Hellenic life, I will take up a text which we often use, and which requires development, if not interpretation. It is the oft-repeated aphorism that '*the Greeks were more human than we are.*'

No doubt to those who have never thought upon these subjects, this seems an unmeaning remark. How, they say, can any one man, or set of men, be more human than another? *Humane* the Greeks were not, and therefore in this sense the words cannot be taken. Apart, again, from these ignorant people, who know of no special sense for the term human, except as contrasted with the lower animals, there is another class, who adopt as a maxim the adage 'that human nature is the same in all times and places,' and that therefore any such assertion as that just made arises merely from want of insight, or want of special knowledge of the case. It is easy enough to find common features, it is easy enough to find even striking resemblances, in the most trivial and apparently accidental

¹ The substance of lectures delivered before the Alexandra College in Dublin.

² *Social Life in Greece*, &c. By J. P. Mahaffy. Macmillan and Co. Second Edition.

customs, among nations all over the continents of the globe; and so these people look away from the violent and fundamental contrasts which sever races; they forget the great gulf fixed between the favoured and the cursed races, and they hold that in the main all men of all ages are human, and equally human.

Again, there are the theologians of Calvin's school, who look upon human nature as a mere compound of vices. 'The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked, who can know it?' All better instincts, all acts of right and duty are with them either mere pretence—mere filthy rags—or the work of a superhuman influence, and the acts of the spiritual man in conflict with the natural man. To them, therefore, our aphorism simply means this, that the Greeks were worse than we are; and there can be no doubt that in some senses this is really the case. So then it seems that these short utterances, meant to be pithy, often result in vagueness, and though convenient to use, and acquiesced in especially by those who will not betray their ignorance, yet still they ought to be the *result* of a fuller discussion, and not the text from which we take our departure.

What do we mean, then, by this particular kind of humanity which we attribute as a notable feature to the Greeks, and which many of us envy in them? I will explain it first by individual examples. We are speaking not of savages, but of civilised men. Savages are in some respects pure children of nature, *Naturvölker*, as the Germans call them, but in many others are at present depraved in type—depraved even from their own earlier condition in historical times. They have not had fair play, they have been enslaved by circumstances, and are therefore in some sense the most inhuman of men, because large fields of experience, large fountains of emotion, are to them closed and hidden, and their life turns round a few vulgar interests, beyond which their love and their hate have no scope, their sympathies no definite

object. On the other hand, among civilised men, he is justly to be called the most human who embraces within himself not the widest knowledge, but the largest sympathies—sympathies with all that is permanent and ever-recurring, as well as with even transient phases, in the higher types of men. The man who can feel and enjoy every kind of human pleasure, the man who can love every kind of beauty, the man who can pity every kind of sorrow, the man who can make himself happy and make others happy, in every kind of life and society,—this is the most perfect representative of the general type of better mankind. This is, in fact, the most *human* man. He possesses a quality, or rather set of qualities, more attractive, even when combined with many faults, than mere goodness, for men will not rate the highest excellence so high as they will the quickest and most varied sympathy. Thus many a man whose excessive humanity leads him into ruin and disgrace, has and keeps more friends than his cold though righteous neighbour. The prodigal younger son is more beloved than the elder brother who is a Pharisee.

But let us not consider these extreme cases, but rather show from a few well-known names what I hold to be humanity in men. The late Bishop of Winchester, though placed in the very position most difficult and unsuitable for showing it, had his humanity always bursting through the trammels of dull conventionality. You could not meet him in conversation for ten minutes, you could not hear him on a platform, or even in that dulllest and most fettered of conventional places, the pulpit, that his deep sympathy with human nature would not strike you at every instant. Or if we take a still greater example, and one which all can verify for themselves; take Goethe, 'der ewige Jüngling,' as Heine calls him, whose whole life shows such marvellous quickness and variety of sympathy with human nature, that he may justly be called, like Shakespeare, no mere national poet, but rather the

property of all civilised men. It is, in fact, this intense sympathy with human nature in all its phases which makes such men speak beyond the limits of their own time and circumstances, and which gives them this universal and just popularity.

On the other hand, if you desire an example of an un-human man—and I still speak of civilised, and even of great men—there is a very prominent one before us in the late John Stuart Mill. It is worth while contrasting these men for a few moments, inasmuch as they will illustrate the principle very adequately, and inasmuch as they have both left us their own analyses of their lives—both exceedingly outspoken too, and honest in their confessions. We see in Mill an unnaturally laborious child, taking no delight in the proper amusements of youth, spending the hours which ought to have been devoted to fairy tales and hymns in the study of Greek grammar and Euclid; growing up without strong love or hate, without the hope of relaxation in this world or enjoyment hereafter, working out knowledge of sciences, and ignorant of men; spending what love his shrivelled heart might have had for woman, on the love of abstract ideas. And so when his poor nature revolted, and even in him sentiment insisted upon being satisfied, he goes through a sort of revival in imagination, like other people's revivals in religion, and finds his highest peace and consolation in Wordsworth's poems—verily the gentlest stimulant ever administered, the mildest household medicine ever applied to a terrible atrophy, to a great longing in the human heart. Here then was a man in many respects great and learned, and yet totally un-human, in that he had no sympathy for religion, no sympathy for fiction, above all no sympathy for the fair girls he might have seen around him; for those who know best count his strange attachment in later life to have been merely an intellectual admiration for a faint reflex of himself.

I suppose the history of civilised man

contains no more striking contrast to this picture than the youth of Goethe. Quick, desultory, handsome, vain, delighting in fairy tales not only in childhood, but all through life into advanced old age, attracted powerfully by the imaginative element in religion, ever falling in love and being loved, delighting in every society, knowing a little of many sciences, but a great deal about men and women—so much so that his journals are ever teeming with the deepest psychological observation,—we have before us a man of many faults, of manifest vanity, of noted fickleness in love, of changing principles; but yet a man whom all about him loved, and whom all human men and women that knew him will ever love. For he is the confidant of the human race, to whom men would pour out their troubles and feel sure of sympathy, instead of being, as Mill proclaimed himself, a social apostle of dry doctrines, who leaves to his hearers the pleasant alternative of acting the part of social martyrs.

Perhaps it is impossible to make any meaning in any way plainer than by this short analysis of two contrasted characters. And from it will appear the precise and definite meaning of the aphorism concerning the deep and thorough humanity of the Greeks. As a nation, as a set of politicians, as a set of artists, as a set of social beings, they had larger and fuller sympathies with every side of human nature than we have, they appreciated animal pleasures and glorified them, which we condemn and vilify; they felt a passion for moral beauty, which we now admire but coldly; they loved intellectual conflict with a love passing the love of women. Without a tithe of the material appliances which we have, they lived fuller and more complete lives, for though controlled vastly more by state interference than we are, they were free from the real trammels of life, the iron bonds with which modern society has shackled its enslaved members.

Let us select two features for fuller discussion—features in which modern

society seems to me so shackled as to interfere sadly with its humanity, and from which Greek life appears to us quite free, wherever it is of importance that it should be free. One of these features is external or material in most of its manifestations, it is the *display of ornament*—of ornament in dress, in architecture, and decoration, in life generally, even reaching into literature. The second is internal, it is the *display of sentiment*, which all modern people consider equally necessary, but which produces rules of intercourse and of good taste curiously ridiculous to those who can look upon them from another sphere. It may be that these two tendencies are off-shoots from the same root—the desire of exhibiting *good taste*, in the one case in material, in the other in mental relations. But I must not make my analysis too subtle. In certain cases where the separate provinces overlap, it will be enough to notice the fact. Let us begin with the love of ornament.

I separate this radically from the love of beauty—a quality which generally decays when the other flourishes, and which is exactly the quality which the Greeks possessed, and which we have been aping by dint of ornament. For by ornament I mean the laying on of artificial aids to conceal defects, or to enhance supposed beauty. It is the perversion of a great natural law by which many things naturally beautiful have a natural blossom of ornament, as when the *laurustinus* breaks out in winter into snowy bloom, or the *arbutus* and holly glow with scarlet fruit. But the modern desire of ornament is that of purely artificial additions, often destructive of natural form, almost always regardless of it. Of this we have the clearest and most melancholy case in the changing fashions of dress, which are a main peculiarity of modern Europe. From year to year we are invaded with these novelties, not made on principle, not made with any moral or æsthetic end, but merely devised in servile imitation of some royal fancy, or intended to attach a new style of ornament, it

may be in cut or material, it may be in colour or pattern, to figures in themselves insignificant. This craving after some new style of decoration has now become such a law that modern society is literally enslaved by it. I will not notice it in the dress of fashionable men, where important differences are so minute that the eye of the uninitiated cannot even see them. But when we hear a young married woman severely criticised for wearing a wedding-dress two or three years old, and when our protest against these strictures is met by the answer that at all events she should have got it made up again, as the shape had now gone out—when we hear this (and how often do we not all hear it?) I feel that with all our boasted liberties, in spite of all our protests about Home Rule, or the interference of the Vatican, we have only changed masters, and forged for ourselves more invisible, but perhaps more binding, chains. We see the same love of change in architecture, in house decorations, in patterns—everywhere. One might have thought that Mr. Ruskin's great art reforms would have lasted at least his own day, and yet now mediæval decoration in our houses has given way to the mongrel style of the 17th century, and the very chairs and tables which were piled up as rubbish in our lanes ten years ago, are now rare and costly luxuries. This is the love of adventitious ornament to which we are enslaved, and the very changes of which make it so hard a taskmaster.

And here I lay down the first step of my explanation, and say that from this point of view the old Greeks were far freer, far nobler, and therefore far more human than we. Their dress was not intended to deceive the spectator, or to conceal the human form, but rather to express its shapes, and leave the freest room for the play of muscle and feature, while contributing to warmth and comfort. Hence our capricious, ever-changing fashions would have been to them intolerable. Of course there were changes in Greek dress in the course of time, there were

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various colours used, there were various methods of tying up the hair, but these things did not come and go suddenly; they were not devised at random, and for the mere sake of change. With them, as opposed to us, the ornamenting of the human shape was not the primary object; what they added to the pure form was slight and simple, enhancing, indeed, the gifts of nature, but not altering or distorting them. We may assert fearlessly that in this respect the Greeks were far better than we are, and in the strictest sense more human, inasmuch as they did not violate their physical nature, or distort it with pinching here and padding there, but treated it as the human form divine—as the workmanship of greater hands than theirs. In this respect we stand midway between the least human, or inhuman savages, and the most human Greeks. The savages, like ourselves, spend their lives in working up great head-dresses, the coiffeur of Central Africa or Australia being in his way a greater artist than our hair-dressers or ladies'-maids; they love to exaggerate what they consider fair features in the human figure, they use a vast deal of colour in their ornaments. We have some slight advantage over them in that we have given up dyeing black, or knocking out, our front teeth, and running fowls' drumsticks through our nostrils, and that our fair skins are not tattooed, though I think there is a good deal to be said for rich coloured patterns on greasy black. We are also dressed more comfortably. But, as I have said, we are far below the Greeks, on account of the tyranny of our fashions, which force us into senseless and unnatural ornament.

So in architecture, which I also mentioned, the Greeks had indeed developments: they made changes, but having once discovered the noblest and most useful way of using marble and brick, they were not carried about by every new wind of doctrine. The enormous Temple of Jupiter, built by Hadrian, though inferior in majesty to

the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus (or Heracles) at Athens, was still of the same grand type, of the same noble simplicity. As in their dress, so in their architecture, the Greeks did not despise ornament. These temples were embellished by sculptured friezes and pediments; they were even brilliantly coloured with blue and red and much gilding. But how purely secondary were these ornaments; how unimportant as regards the general effect! Pillars have fallen, the sculpture has decayed, or been carried away, the colours have faded, the gilding has vanished, and yet still these great temples, now toned in sober hue, stand before us in their ruin with a dignity and majesty which no ornament can ever attain, which it may enhance, which it may injure, but which it cannot destroy. As in dress, so in architecture, these Greeks never followed in the wake of new fashions; they felt that they had attained to perfect truth and beauty, and that no other art was to them so noble or so human.

Before passing on, I may notice one other phase of our love of ornament—a social phase rather than a material one, but not the less really a phase of the same desire for adventitious aid. I mean the extraordinary respect and ambition for titles of rank in modern Europe. Many a rich man would give all his wealth to be a lord; many an intellectual man will sacrifice his time to attain a title foreign to his profession; mothers will yield up their daughters' happiness, and girls face certain misery, to attain what is called rank. This longing for adventitious ornament is another wretched form of modern social slavery, of want of humanity, of which the Greeks always kept free. The greatest man at Athens or at Sparta was called by his ordinary name; such politenesses as 'your Eminence,' or 'your Excellency,' or 'your Grace,' would have been to them idle ceremony.

But perhaps the most important contrast in this direction was the contrast of Greek literature with modern as regard

ornament. This, however, I shall postpone as too large a subject for my present argument. It is also so closely associated with the second head under which we are to compare the humanity of the Greeks and of the moderns, that it is well-nigh impossible to treat it separately from that branch of the subject.

For along with the desire of ornament in modern society, I mentioned the desire of displaying sentiment in modern men—what is now known as Sentimentality—as a feature to which we are constantly slaves, and to which we sacrifice our deeper humanity. I propose to show that this again is a feature which has become prominent now, in the old age of the world, and that in its fairer and more natural youth, among the the Greeks, such enslaving conventionality was not a burden, and would have been felt an intolerable servitude had any one attempted to introduce it.

A great quantity of modern nonsense arises from this source. People have laid down codes of regulations for their emotions, just as we are bound to do for our actions; in modern society we are not only taught to act and live, but to feel, to rejoice, and to grieve, according to prescription. You will doubtless demand illustrations, and they so crowd upon me that I am at a loss which to select. For example, suppose an acquaintance whom you dislike, whom everybody dislikes, who is a burden to society, and an intolerable weight to those who must support him; or again, suppose a political man who, in your firm conviction, is injuring his country and ruining its vital interests. We all can lay our fingers on such personages. Suppose now such a one dies; though you may be, or rather must be, delighted, though you believe in either case that your friends and your country have escaped trouble and loss by this happy riddance, the tyranny of modern sentiment forbids you to let your joy be seen—you must put on a solemn face. If you attend the obsequies, you should even contribute your quota of tears; and if any young and

giddy person hints that, after all, there is some consolation in our relief from intolerable annoyance, you are bound to repress this feeling as indecent, though you feel it yourself, and you are bound to assume a hypocritical dejection of voice and manner. Are not these things true? Have I not understated the facts? If so, here we are distinctly infringing upon our humanity for the sake of affected sentiment. How different the bold outburst of the genial Alcaeus, who glories in the death of his opponent, and who calls his friends to dance and revel since the tyrant Myrsilus is gone! He is natural, and we are unnatural; he is human, and we are—respectable.

I will notice yet another point about the accessories of death, because I can show in the lower class Irish a strong analogy to the Greeks, and a freedom from the slavery of our civilisation. As all jokes, all gaiety, even all semblance of contentment are forbidden on such occasions by modern sentiment, so above all things the idea of love-making, of the delights of tender looks or of happy thoughts among young people, is then most repugnant. We even banish the fairer sex altogether from such scenes in our higher ranks. And when you tell it among these ranks, or among foreigners (including English people), that this very love-making, this courting, as they call it, is common at the Irish wake, that it is a common plan to arrange marriages,¹ and that the periodical wail raised around the corpse laid out in the room is relieved by mirth and jollity, by smoking and drinking—when you tell this, the first exclamation of the wretched modern, with his starched collar of conventionality about him, is: 'Dear me, how shocking! What an unfeeling people they must be!' Often as I have heard this remark, and most certainly as it may be anticipated whenever the fact first comes before

¹ The most extreme case of which I know personally is that of a man proposing for his second wife at the wake of his first. I am not disposed to defend this proceeding.

any ordinary person, I never hear it without the deepest indignation at the injustice of the modern public. These people whom it censures are more nearly in a natural condition than we are; they are not tied and bound with the chains of artificial sentiment. To them the meeting together of many young people, the stimulus of conversation and of material comforts, naturally produces liveliness and merriment, and though they have come together for mourning, they cannot but break loose into gaiety. This is natural and human, and far from showing want of feeling, shows quick and sensitive sympathies. The Irish an unfeeling people! Heavens, what injustice! They have faults enough, and they are patent. But any one who sees their charity to the widow and the orphan, with whom they share their wretched living, who sees in every village the adopted child sitting at the scanty meal, and the beggar receiving alms from ragged benefactors; any one who knows how every turn of their language, every idiom, even every imprecation speaks deep feeling, who knows how the poorest man can converse agreeably, because he has the quick tact to feel with his hearer—any one who has taken the trouble to observe these things will never charge the revellers at the wake with want of feeling. Remember that conventional feelings, as they are established by social codes, are permanent, and never change, and so the most artificial creature may obtain for himself a character for constancy. Real feelings are produced in sensitive natures, which as such are open to impressions, and therefore these real feelings, however deep, and because they are deep, are liable to fluctuation and to change. This is the true philosophy of the matter, and may console many a one whom society has persuaded that he is heartless or wicked, because his emotions will not stay or, vanish to order.

But I am not going to teach philosophy. This digression about the humanity of the lower-class Irish was worth making, because we can see from

it, even among ourselves, what it is to be respectable and civilized at the expense of being human. And moreover in this very picture, as I have already said, the Greeks show a curious analogy. It must be confessed that they had not the large opportunities which the Irish have of making love, and that they were therefore obliged to make the most of their chances and economize their opportunities. But we have plenty of evidence that funerals were a time of feasting, a place for young people to meet, and that whatever might be the dolefulness of the occasion, it was not considered out of taste to date an attachment from a meeting under these circumstances. No doubt the Greek lady was passive in these matters, at least more passive than the modern lady; and this was well. But the law or custom, forbidding any but near female relatives to escort the dead, shows that the Greek ladies were inclined to make good the occasion; and it also shows us a powerful illustration of the subject in hand, that the Greeks were more human than we are, in refusing the shackles of factitious sentiment.

I will now pass on to a different phase of human emotion, in which we again stand in contrast to the more human Greeks, but here not by repressing, but by displaying sentiment, whereas they seem to have said little on the subject. I allude to the feeling for natural scenery, which not only occupies a very prominent place in modern poetry and art, but even forms a necessary part of the supposed enjoyment of the most vulgar snob and the most ignorant Cockney. We have been taught by descriptive poetry, by landscape-painting, and of late by the general fashion of modern society, to keep ourselves in a perpetual state of attention to outlines and colours in outward nature. We think it our duty to travel great distances merely to admire lofty snow-peaks and their rosy afterglow, to admire pine forests climbing steep mountain sides, and hanging over roaring torrents to admire wooded islands studding the surface of fair blue lakes. We feel ourselves

so bound to praise these things, that those who have no natural taste for them have either acquired an artificial appetite, or assumed a pretended one, that they may not be isolated from the crowd, and run the risk of being called uncultivated or unfeeling. And as all artificial tastes run into fancies, so this mania for scenery has run away from the really beautiful into what is styled the picturesque, which seems almost to consist in some violation of perfection, some defect of form—the ruined and crumbling fane, the waste and desolate crag, the ragged and savage gipsy. All these things are picturesque, and contribute to that most complex of modern terms, scenery—a term justly borrowed from the stage, where it expresses the accessories and background of those human actions which ought to be the chief interest in the play.

If we dwell upon this word *scenery* from its etymological side, it will help us to illustrate our contrast to the Greeks, as regards their attitude towards the features of outward nature. For as Greek literature is very sparing in its descriptions of nature, or its allusions to the delights of outline and colour in inanimate objects, the question has long since been raised: had the Greeks any feeling for natural scenery? And with the exception of those who thought to save the Greeks from such a disgrace by inventing the sentiment for them, most critics have decided that they had not, and that therefore they failed to attain one of the purest and keenest enjoyments provided by modern culture. But if I understand Greek nature rightly, the question admits of no single answer, and if asked for a decision, I should say no and yes. In one sense—in the modern artificial sense—they had no feeling for scenery; in another sense—in that of keen, sensitive men living in the midst of a very beautiful nature—they had the strongest feeling for colour and form in nature, and this their literature expresses constantly and adequately. But it does not deal in elaborate descriptions of scenery, regarded

apart from and in contrast to the spectator; nor does it take a reflective, subjective aspect of the effects of external nature on the temper of man. This first rises before us in the meditations of the solitary monks, beginning with St. Basil in the fourth century, and finds its most complete expression in such poems as Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale* or in Leopardi's lyrics, where the morbidly sensitive feelings of the reflecting poet mar all spontaneous and natural enjoyment in the surrounding objects.

The exact reverse of this artificial pleasure—the pleasure of a jaded and weary civilization—is perhaps the unconscious delight in colour and sound and warmth felt by the lamb, which gambols through the fields on a sunny day in spring, when the west wind colours the frozen grass with richer verdure and deepens the sky with a warmer blue. This is no doubt intense enjoyment, but unconscious, where the subject, instead of being thought in contrast, is hardly distinguished from the object. Let us now go one step higher, and we come to the enjoyment of the child, who loves the light and the gay flowers and the dancing sea, but has not naturally a notion of the picturesque. He loves the light and motion in nature, the richness of its colours and variety of its sounds, but will not appreciate those artificial combinations, those studied irregularities, which his elders prize so highly. Similarly, the peasantry of any nation, even the sensitive and poetical Celtic peasantry, love nature intensely, but naturally; they enjoy it probably as much as we do, if we have it before us perpetually, and not in sudden contrast to grimy cities. But they never regard it as *scenery*—nay, this is a word unknown to them till they are taught it by the tourist, and it sounds strange and ridiculous from their lips.

Now the Greeks, who are always, as the Egyptians said, children—the Greeks seem to me to have had most strongly developed this natural, spontaneous, delight in nature. They lived in a country full of variety and beauty. I

can myself speak from personal knowledge, but will refer others not so fortunate to the many sketches and paintings of Greece which are accessible. And if few can enjoy the gallery of Greek scenes in the Pinakothek at Munich, any one who will look through the engravings in Wordsworth's *Greece* will see how splendid were the natural features of almost every part of the country. It is vastly superior even to beautiful Italy. The coasts of Asia Minor are not less fair and diverse. So then as to picturesqueness, the Greeks had it ever around them. But rugged outlines of rock, and wastes of moor and fen had no beauty to them. They loved rich cultivated soil, the stately colonnade, and massive portico, the regular street and the crowded harbour. In personal dress too as in architecture, it was not the happy blundering of a dark instinct, but the perfect insight of a clear aesthetic taste, which make the peculiar excellence and beauty of the models they have left us. Greek temples and Greek statues are beautiful, but not picturesque. Rags, even upon the stage, were never produced to be admired for their colouring, but to be pitied or disliked for their squalor. In fact, colour without form was not pleasing to them, and when both were present, it was, I think, rather the form than the colour which claimed their attention. For similar reasons, it was not the mere scenery of nature, but its life and action, its movements and its sounds, which gave them delight. This is very prominent in the Homeric poems, where the words for colours are so confused, and the perception of slight differences so blunt, that commentators have written books about it, and there seems material enough for setting up a theory that Homer, if not blind, was at least colour-blind. Yet no poems show a keener sense of the movements and sounds of nature—in fact of animated as opposed to inanimate nature. So it is, that while we call the nature surrounding us the *scenery*, being, as it were, idle spectators, not upon the stage, but expecting enjoyment from it,

the Greeks felt themselves actors in nature, they took the scenery for granted, as part and parcel of their life and action, they lived *in* it, and with it, but held it a mere accessory to human intercourse, a mere empty and decorated stage, when no actor was present to give it life and meaning. In the absence of man, the animal world was to them a necessary part of a beautiful scene. It is the "moan of doves in immemorial elms," it is the nightingale "satiating the hungry dark with melody;" it is the wanton butting of the kids in the rich Sicilian uplands; it is the white seamew, or diving gannet upon the countless dimple of the wave—but it was never solitude or barrenness or gloom; nay, that most social of social creeds peopled the lonely forest, and the solemn peak with fair mysterious beings that sang, and hunted, and loved, and piped with shepherd's reeds. This sympathy with life it was, this intense feeling of soul and animation in nature, which made their love of nature so different from ours. And I doubt not that were these beautiful superstitions alive among us, we should not turn our attention on that beauty alone which the painter can fully reproduce.

I will not be unjust to the moderns. Let us grant that this love of the picturesque is a great heritage of modern culture. I will freely confess that it is a high and pure enjoyment which the ancients hardly understood; but I will insist that it was not a gap in Greek nature, not a deficiency in their sense of beauty, but rather a feeling perfectly and adequately replaced by another kind of enjoyment; and as this other attitude—the infusing of animation and of personality into external objects, is a direct assimilation of external nature to man, it will hardly be denied that the Greek type of this sentiment was the more strictly human. There are modern poets who have felt and expressed this in their best and noblest verse—our own Wordsworth, and the German Schiller; they are poets too who have been themselves remarkable for the strongest development of the modern views of

nature, and no one will accuse them of that over-partiality for the ancients which is always suspected in the professed student of classical life.¹

There is but one more side of human nature in which to contrast the Greeks with the Moderns, and that the plainest and strongest example of my original proposition. It is the side of morals and religion. The great accusation brought against Greek religion is the humanization of the gods, the reduction of them to men of like passions with ourselves, so that the very mention of Olympus is sufficient without argument to prove the exceeding humanity of this side of Greek religion. But it is worth while to say a few words on the two principal features in their morals which tended in the same direction: (1) that pleasure even in this life—that personal satisfaction—was the right of humanity; and (2) that man was himself the standard and arbiter of morals, so that the mature verdict of the moral sense of mankind could not be set aside by any superior being, or reversed even by the relentless fate which trampled upon all human protest. These everlasting, and I believe most lofty principles, are still contending with but partial success against modern ascetics and theologians. The same conflicts arose among the Greeks, at least the latter most prominently, but were quickly solved in practice, and clearly enough in theory.

The first was that principle in Greek religion which was distinctly opposed to asceticism, and which, instead of regarding the body as essentially evil and low, and opposed to spiritual life, regards it as essentially a part of man in its beauty and its perfection—a part not to be macerated, subdued and weakened, but to be developed and perfected, and used for the highest possible

pleasure and enjoyment. Their very ceremonies of religion, instead of being connected with fasting and abstinence, mingled supplication and sacrifice with feasting, and even the solemn honours of the dead were not without their pleasures. Regarding this life throughout as more important and probably happier than any future state, they would have been on their theory absurd had they sacrificed the higher and maturer pleasures of body and mind to an uncertainty, and their manifest present interest to a very doubtful speculation. Thus to their philosophers as well as to their poets, the study of human nature was, so to speak, not merely a science but a creed.

We justly regard this as the weakest point about Greek culture. We feel that the higher sanctions and the wider prospects of our religion react upon this very human life, which was to the Greeks all in all. We know that the abnegation of self conduces to higher and purer pleasures than any scheme of selfishness, however refined. There were Greek schools, such as the Stoic, that discovered this also. But the main feature in the morals of the people was certainly this lower, because exclusively human, view. So true is it, that not only in their perfections, but in their defects, the Greeks ever preserved this feature as their own peculiar distinction.

On the other point, that of the supremacy of the moral reason of humanity as the arbiter of actions, they seem to me vastly in advance of many modern theologians. They felt the force of iron fate, which crushed all resistance in its cruel grasp; they saw the insoluble objections to an empire of free will in the midst of these omnipotent natural forces, but they never gave up the inherent right—the greatest and noblest dignity in man—the right of judging all actions by the standard of conscience, and even reproaching the immortal gods with wrong, if they violated the immutable principles of morality. They would not have allowed, like some modern sects, a revelation even from heaven to overrule their moral sense; nor would they

¹ Cf. in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, book iv., p. 347 (1 vol. ed.) the passage commencing:—

"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman,
stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's
day,

With music lulled his indolent repose," &c.
And also Schiller, *Die Götter Griechenlands*.

have exalted dogma at the expense of justice and of charity. Demosthenes speaks with horror of those who, under a plea of religion, urge measures not defensible before the tribunal of human conscience. Would that this noble assertion of the royalty of conscience had prevailed with Christian Fathers, and Scottish Covenanters, and Spanish Jesuits! Here it was, most and deepest of all, that by abdicating the dictates of humanity for the greater glory of God, men became first not human, and then inhuman; and instead of exalting the religion to which they sacrificed their nature, degraded their noble faith and their pure God to make them the instruments of lawlessness and of crime.

Yet there was another side of religion in which it will be held that the Greeks had not by any means so great a respect for their consciences as we have. It is the question of tolerance. Here our attitude, borrowed as it is from the Semite nations to whom we owe our religion, seems thoroughly opposed to the views of Greeks and Romans; and it will be said that they here abdicated the authority of their own religious convictions, and almost confessed that other creeds were as pure and as true as their own. This is really the case. In the matter of cults, or ritual, as it is now called, they respected the old traditions of Egyptians and Asiatics, and believed that these nations knew how to worship, and whom to worship, as well as they did themselves. But, at the same time, they believed that the real gods, the real objects of this various ritual, and these diverse ceremonies, were the same. They called the Asiatic Sardon or Melkart by the name of some god of their own; and so they convinced themselves that the variety of worship was non-essential, but the devotion the same, and the objects the same in all cases. Can there be any clearer example of the very text on which I am preaching? While all the Semite races, and most of the Aryans, who (like the Persians and ourselves) learned religion from *them*, have been essentially exclusive in their religion; while they have

all claimed a special revelation to themselves alone, and have professed an abhorrence and a contempt for all other gods as mere human inventions; while all this has been the general complexion of Semite religion, the Greeks persisted in holding that all human nature felt the same wants, and sought to gratify them by adoring the same objects. They felt, in the worship of strange gods, and in the sacrifices upon foreign altars, not the differences which shocked the intolerant Semite, but the resemblances and analogies which now strike philosophical inquirers into the natural history of religions. It was on the human and subjective side that they fixed their attention, and they rationalized about the object of the worship, in order to save the meaning and the importance of the worship itself. The doctrine that the convictions and the devotions of other faiths have their moral value is admitted once, in the early part of his Epistle to the Romans, by St. Paul, where he speaks of the Gentiles being a law to themselves, and their conscience bearing witness; and again more pointedly when he speaks of the righteousness of God being revealed from (lower) faith to (higher) faith. It is hardly admitted at all by the followers of St. Paul, who commonly explain away these passages. But generally speaking, we may safely assert that because of the belief in a special and peculiar revelation to a peculiar people, *we* reject all other religions; because of the absence of this belief, and because of a strong sense of the unity of human nature and of the relationship of men, the Greeks differed from us in their wide and human tolerance.

But I willingly turn away from theological discussion to say a few words (in conclusion) upon the human and social side of the Greek hatred of asceticism. I have already explained how asceticism conflicted with their love of pleasure, and their claim to it as the right of humanity. But from another point of view, it might be argued that solitude has its advantages and its

charms; that the early fathers did not embrace their desert life for the sake of penance only, but for the sake of relief from the turmoil of the world, and from the constant sight of human depravity and human misery. This is very true, and has been well brought out by most of the thoughtful authors who have devoted themselves to the study of early mediæval history.¹ But the Christian anchorites were for the most part sound and healthy natures, living in the midst of social corruption and decay.

The whole literature of the falling Roman Empire shows the awful gloom which was settling over all good consciences. The angry invectives of Juvenal, the dark fatalism of Tacitus, the sad soliloquies of M. Aurelius, then the dry annals of crime, of war, of pestilence, of confusion, which reach us from the fourth century onward, culminating with the wretched emptiness and unredeemed degradation of the Byzantine court—all this awful downward course into the abyss of the dark ages could not but force any honest public man, any pure moral nature, who was compelled to live in that corrupt age, to long for the solitude of rock and desert, to live rather among the wild beasts, and the birds of the air, than among more brutal men. And thus arose in the literature of that day those praises of solitude which have been repeated ever since, and which have become one of the distinctive features of modern civilization. For this taste, when once inculcated by superior minds, was apt enough to be imitated, and then really felt, by the weaker crowd, more especially as the enormous growth of modern cities has given it support from the æsthetic side. The morals of modern society are by no means so shocking as those of later Rome; and although there are sores and plagues enough, yet a good man is not outraged in his daily social life now as he was then. But æsthetically, the smoke and din, the turmoil and ugliness

of modern manufactures, the general fatigue of modern city life, make men long for physical rest, as well as for the mental and social quiet of solitary nature, after the wear and tear of business and of pleasure. So, then, the praise of solitude, at first regarded as a moral necessity, then as a spiritual benefit, has lasted into our own day as the sweet relief from great weariness and mental toil, and in our feverish and overwrought social life, there is no chord which vibrates to the poet's touch more sweetly than that which is tuned to songs of solitude with Nature, of life far from the haunts of men, of quiet from the bustle of the madding crowd. Thus, not only is our bodily nature renewed and strengthened, but our mental weariness passes away. The illusions of the world, which are beginning to crumble and decay through exposure and rough handling, begin to regain their beauty; the better features of those whom our conflicts have opposed to us, reappear, as the storm of our passions is allayed; and thus, to use the expression of Leopardi—perhaps the best representative of modern world-sickness and of vain regrets—thus solitude, as it were, performs the office of youth; it so refreshes the mind as to set the imagination again at work, and restore to it some of the pleasures of its early inexperience.¹

Now this is the view of life most of all foreign to the Greeks. We hardly find among them a trace of fatigue with

¹ "Di più, l'essere diviso dagli uomini e, per dir così, dalla vita stessa, porta seco questa utilità; che l'uomo, eziandio sazio, chiarito e disamorato delle cose umane per l'esperienza, a poco a poco assuefacendosi di nuovo a mirarle da lungi, donde elle paiono molto più belle e più degne che da vicino, si dimentica della loro vanità ed miseria; torna a formarsi e quasi crearsi il mondo a suo modo, amare e desiderare la vita, delle cui speranze, se non gli è tolto o il potere o il confidare di restituirsì alla società degli uomini, si va nutrendo e diletando, come egli soleva a' suoi primi anni. Di modo che la solitudine fa quasi l'ufficio della gioventù, o certo ringiovanisce l'animo, ravvalora e rimette in opera l'immaginazione," &c. —LEOPARDI, *Dialogo di Torquato Tasso e del suo Genio*, p. 173 (Leipzig, 1861.)

¹ Ex. gr., Isaac Taylor, *Nilus and Paula*; Villemain, *L'Eloquence chrétienne du IV^{me} Siècle*; Montalembert, *Les Moines d'Occident*; W. H. Lecky, *Hist. of European Morals*, vol. i.

the world, of disgust for men, of a preference for country life, because it withdrew them from the burdens and labours of city life. The Greek who sought solitude was like the animal driven from the herd—he was either lawless, or remorseful, or a hater of his kind. There was no sympathy with him, no romantic imagining as to his pleasures or his meditations. He preferred savagery to culture, the lair of the wild beast to the haunts of men; he was a man of bad taste, if not of bad morals, because he had sacrificed his *humanity*. So then the Greeks, though living—shall I say, because living—in far smaller cities than we do, and in smaller crowds, were really more gregarious and social; they loved the society of men above all other pleasures, and as their intercourse was more lively and natural than ours, so they did not weary of it, but remained purely and intensely human in their leisure and their recreation, as well as in their political and commercial life.

It is said that I am a bad friend of my favourite Greeks. It is said that my pictures of their morals and manners are likely to lower them in modern estimation; and that instead of stimulating a taste for Hellenic studies, I am rather showing how mean and ordinary were their society and manners, and how little they were removed from the standard of average human nature. I know not what to say in answer to such a charge, except that I have honestly read all the evidence, and have been led to my conclusions without any prejudice—nay, rather in spite of strong preconceptions drawn from other sides of Greek character. The first thing we all learn about the Greeks is their political

history, in which they show abilities greater than those of any race that went before them, and by which they influenced and changed the whole course of European history. We next come to see the literary power of the nation, wherein it has exceeded all, not only that went before, but that followed after them; and the very same thing may be said of their artistic power, their sculpture and their architecture, perhaps with a qualified exception in favour of some mediæval churches and houses. In all these great and important features, the merits of the Greeks shine out clearer the more they are tested and examined. I do not see how they can be injured or destroyed by the fact that in some respects their private life was not so exalted or refined. No great politician or artist now-a-days is set aside or ignored because his private character is mean or dissolute. We may regret the want of balance in his character, but nevertheless we profit by its greatness as far as we can. So let it be with the Greeks. Let us profit by the inestimable lessons they have taught us. Let us study their politics, read their literature, and admire their art. It is dangerous to insist that such great good can come out of evil. But, nevertheless, there is truth, and profound truth, in the remark with which I close this discourse—that the very social defects which the Greeks possessed, the very excesses of humanity which have been here described and analysed, these have not been the smallest factors in the greatness of their culture, or in the wide sympathy which they have enlisted among many nations, and through many generations of men.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

A WINTER MORNING'S RIDE.

THE proverb that "the early bird gets most worms" has no truer application than in travelling, considered as a fine art. Of course to him who uses locomotion as a mere method of getting from one place to another, it matters nothing whether he starts at 3 A.M. or at noon. But to the man who likes to get the most he can out of his life, and looks upon a journey as an opportunity for gaining some new insight into the ways, and habits, and notions, of his fellow-men, there is no comparison between their value. The noonday travelling mood, like noonday light, is commonplace and uniform; while the early morning mood, like the light when it first comes, is full of colour and surprise. Such, at any rate, has been my experience, and I never made an out-of-the-way early start without coming upon one or more companions who gave me a new glimpse into some corner of life, and whose encounter I should have been the poorer for having missed. My last experience in this matter is very recent. In the midst of the wild days of last December I received an unexpected summons on business to the north. My appointment was for eleven o'clock on the morrow, 200 miles from London. It was too late to make arrangements for leaving home at once, so I resolved to start by the first morning train, which leaves Euston Square at 5.15 A.M. Accordingly, soon after four next day I closed the house door gently behind me, and set out on my walk, not without a sense of that self approval and satisfaction which is apt to creep over early risers, and others who pride themselves on keeping ahead of their neighbours.

It was a fine wild morning, with half a gale of wind blowing from the north west, and driving the low rain-clouds at headlong speed across the deep clear sky and bright stars. The great town

felt as fresh and sweet as a country hill-side. Not a soul in the streets but an occasional solitary policeman, and here and there a scavenger or two, plying their much-needed trade, for the wet mud lay inches deep. I was early at the station, where a sleepy clerk was just preparing to open the booking-offices, and a couple of porters were watering and sweeping the floor of the big hall. Soon my fellow-passengers began to arrive, labouring men for the most part, with here and there a clerk, or commercial traveller, muffled to the eyes.

Amongst them, as they gathered round the fire, or took short restless walks up and down the platform, was one who puzzled me not a little. He had arrived on foot just before me, indeed I had followed him for the last quarter of a mile through Euston Square, and had already begun to speculate as to who he could be, and on what errand. But now that I could get a deliberate look at him under the lights in the hall, my curiosity was at once raised and baffled. He was a strongly built, well set young fellow of five feet ten or eleven, with clear grey eyes, deep set under very straight brows. His hair was dark, and would have curled but that it was cropped too short. He was clean shaved, so that one saw all the lower lines of his face, which a thick nose, slightly turned up, just hindered from being handsome. He wore a high sealskin cap, a striped flannel shirt with turn-down collars, and a slip-knot tie with a rather handsome pin. His clothes were good enough, but had a somewhat dissipated look, owing perhaps to the fact that only one button of his waistcoat was fastened, and that his boots, good broad double-soled ones, were covered with dry mud. His whole luggage consisted of the travelling bag he carried in his hand,

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one of those elaborate affairs which generally involve a portmanteau or two to follow, but swelled out of all gentility and stuffed to bursting point.

An Englishman? I asked myself. Well, yes,—at any rate more like an Englishman than anything else. A gentleman? Well, yes again, on the whole; though not of our conventional type—at any rate a man of some education, and apparently a little less like the common run of us than most one meets.

Here my speculations were cut short by the opening of the ticket-window by the sleepy clerk, and the object of them marched up and took a third-class ticket for Liverpool. I followed his example, my natural aversion to eating money raw in railway travelling inclining me to such economy, apart from the interest which my problem was exciting in my mind. I am bound to add that nothing could be more comfortable than the carriages provided on the occasion for the third-class passengers of the N.W.R. I followed the sealskin cap and got into the same carriage with its owner. As good luck would have it, no one followed us. He put his bag down in a corner, and stretched himself along his side of the carriage with his head on it. I had time to look him well over again, and to set him down in my own mind as a young English engineer, who had been working on some continental railway so long as to have lost his English identity somewhat, when he started up, rubbed his eyes, took a good straight look at me, and asked if any one coming from abroad could cut us off from the steamer that met this train. I found at once that I was mistaken as to nationality.

I answered that no one could cut us off, as there was no straighter or quicker way of getting to Liverpool than this; but that he was mistaken in thinking that any steamer met the train.

Well, he didn't know about meeting it, but anyway there was a steamer which went right away from Liverpool about noon, for he had got his passage by her, which he had bought at the tobacco-store near the station.

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He handed his ticket for the boat to me, as if wishing my opinion upon it, which I gave to the effect that it seemed all right, adding that I did not know that tickets of this kind could be bought about the streets as they could be in America.

Well, he had thought it would save him time, perhaps save the packet, as she might have sailed while he was after his ticket in Liverpool, which town he didn't know his way about. But now, couldn't any one from the Continent cut her off. He had heard there was a route by Chester and Holyhead, which would bring any one who took it aboard of her at Queenstown.

I answered that this was probably so, beginning to doubt in my mind whether my companion might not, for all his straightforward looks and ways, have come by the bag feloniously. Could it be another great jewel robbery?

I don't know whether he noticed any doubtful look in my eyes, but he added at once that he was on the straight run from Heidelberg. He had come from there to London in twenty-six hours.

I made some remark as to the beauty of Heidelberg, and asked if he knew it well.

Why, yes, he said he ought to, for he had been a student at the university there for the last nine months.

Why then was he on the straight run home, I ventured to ask. Term wasn't over?

No; term wasn't over; but he had been arrested, and didn't want to go to prison at Strasburg, where one American student was in for about two years already.

But how did he manage to get off, I asked, now thoroughly interested in his story.

Well, he had just run his bail. When he was arrested he had sent for the Doctor at whose house he lodged to bail him out. That was what troubled him most. He wouldn't have the Herr Doctor slipped up anyway. He was going to send the money directly he got home, and there were things enough left of his to cover the money.

What was he arrested for?

B B

For calling out a German student.

But I thought the German students were always fighting duels.

So they were, but only with swords, which they were always practising. They were so padded when they fought that they could not be hurt except just in the face, and the sword arm was so bandaged that there was no play at all except from the wrist. You would see the German students, even when out walking miles away from the town, keep playing away with their walking-sticks all the time, so as to train their wrists.

What was his quarrel about?

Well, it was just this. The American students, of whom there were a large number there, kept pretty much to themselves, and no love was lost between them and the Germans. They had an American Club to which they all belonged, just to keep them together and see any fellow through who was in a scrape. He, and some of the American students, were sitting in the beer garden close to a table of Germans. Forgetting the neighbourhood, he had tilted his chair, and leant back in it, and so come against a German head. The owner jumped up, and a sharp altercation followed, ending in the German's calling him out with swords. This he refused, but sent a challenge to fight with pistols by the president of the Club, a real fine man, who had shot his two men down South before he went to Heidelberg. The answer to this was his arrest, and arrest was a very serious thing now. For some little time since a German and an American fought with swords first, and then with pistols. The American had his face cut open from the eye right down across the mouth, but when it came to pistols he shot the German, who died in an hour. So he was in jail, and challenging with pistols had been made an offence punishable by imprisonment, and that was no joke in a German military prison.

Did he expect the university authorities would send after him then?

No; but his folk were all in Germany for the winter. He had a younger

brother at Heidelberg who had taken his bag down to the station for him, and would have let his father know, as he had told him to do. If he had telegraphed, the old gentleman might come straight off and stop him yet, but he rather guessed he would be so mad he wouldn't come. No; he didn't expect to see his folk again for three or four years.

But why? After all, sending a challenge of which nothing came was not so very heinous an offence.

Yes, but it was the second time. He had run from an American University to escape expulsion for having set fire to an outhouse. Then he went straight to New York, which he wanted to see, and stopped till his money was all gone. His father was mad enough about that.

I said plainly that I didn't wonder, and was going to add something by way of improving the occasion, but for a look of such deep sorrow which passed over the boy's face that I thought his conscience might be left to do the work better than I could.

He opened his bag, and took out a photograph, and then his six shooter—a self-cocking German one, he said, which was quicker and carried a heavier ball than any he had seen in America; and then his pipes and cigar tubes; and then he rolled a cigarette, and lighted it; and, as the dawn was now come, began to ask questions about the country.

But all in vain; back the scene he was running from came, do what he would. His youngest brother, a little fellow of ten, was down with fever. He had spoilt Christmas for the whole family. It would cut them up awfully.

But to a suggestion that he should go straight back he could not listen. No, he was going straight through to California, the best place for him. He had never done any good yet, but he was going to do it now. He had got a letter or two to Californians from some of his fellow-students, which would give him some opening. He

wouldn't see his people for four or five years, till he got something to show them. He would have to pitch right in, or else starve. He would go right into the first thing that came along out there, and make something.

As we got further down the line the morning cleared, and we had many fellow-passengers; but my young friend, as I might almost call him by this time, stuck to me, and seemed to get some relief by talking of his past doings and future prospect. I found that he had been at Würtzburg for a short time before going to Heidelberg, so had had a student's experience of two of the most celebrated German Universities. My own ideas of those seats of learning, being for the most part derived from the writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, received, I am bound to own, rather severe shocks from the evidently truthful experience of this one medical student.

He had simply paid his necessary florins (about 1*l.* worth) for his matriculation fee, and double that sum for two sets of lectures for which he entered. He had passed no matriculation examination, or indeed any other; had attended lectures or not, just as he pleased—about one in three he put as his average—but there was no roll-call or register, and no one that he knew of seemed to care the least whether he was there or not. However, he seemed to think that but for his unlucky little difficulty he could easily at this rate have passed the examination for the degree of doctor of medicines. The Doctor's degree was a mighty fine thing, and much sought after, but didn't amount to much professionally, at least not in Germany, where the Doctor has a State examination to pass after he has got his degree. But in America, or anywhere else, he believed, they could just practise on a German M.D. degree, and he knew of one Herr Doctor out west who was about as fit to take hold of any sick fellow as he was himself. Oh, Matthew, Matthew, my mentor! When I got home I had to

take down thy volume on Universities in Germany, and restore my failing faith by a glance at the Appendix, giving a list of the courses of lectures by Professors, Privatdozenten, and readers of the University of Berlin during one winter, in which the Medical Faculty's subjects occupy seven pages; and to remind myself that the characteristics of the German Universities are "*Lehrfreiheit und lern freiheit*," "Liberty for the teacher, and liberty for the learner;" also that "the French University has no liberty, and the English Universities have no science; the German Universities have both." Too much liberty of one kind this student at any rate bore witness to, and in one of his serious moments was eloquent on the danger and mischief of the system, so far as his outlook had gone.

By the time our roads diverged, the young runaway had quite won me over to forget his escapades, by his frank disclosures of all that was passing in his mind, of regret and tenderness, hopefulness and audacity; and I sorrowed for a few moments on the platform as the sealskin cap disappeared at the window of the Liverpool carriage, from which he waived a cheery adieu.

As I walked towards the carriage to go on my own way, I found myself regretting that I should see his ruddy face no more, and wishing him all success "in that new world which is the old," for which he was bound, with no possessions but his hand-bag and self-reliance to make his way with. I might have sat alone for thrice as long with an English youngster, in like case, without knowing a word of his history; but then, such history could never have happened to an Englishman, for he never would have run his bail, but would have gone to prison and served his time as a matter of course.

How much each nation has to learn of the other! But I trust that by this time my young friend has seen to it, that the good-natured Herr Doctor who went bail for him hasn't "slipped up anyway."

VAC-VIATOR.

B B 2

Admission certificate

ON A PORTRAIT.

Oh, mystery of Beauty ! who can tell
 Thy mighty influence ? who can best decry
 How secret, swift, and subtle is the spell
 Wherein the music of thy voice doth lie ?

Here we have eyes so full of fervent love,
 That but for lids behind which sorrow's touch
 Doth press and linger, one could almost prove
 That Earth had loved her favourite over much.

A mouth where silence seems to gather strength
 From lips so gently closed, that almost say,
 "Ask not my story, lest you hear at length
 Of sorrows where sweet hope has lost its way."

And yet the head is borne so proudly high,
 The soft round cheek, so splendid in its bloom,
 True courage rises thro' the brilliant eye,
 And great resolve comes flashing thro' the gloom.

Oh, noble painter ! more than genius goes
 To search the key-note of those melodies,
 To find the depths of all those tragic woes,
 Tune thy song right and paint rare harmonies.

Genius and love have each fulfilled their part,
 And both unite with force and equal grace,
 Whilst all that we love best in classic art
 Is stamped for ever on the immortal face.

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

September, 1875.

ON THE BORDER TERRITORY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

IN the whole history of science there is nothing more remarkable than the rapidity of the growth of biological knowledge within the last half-century, and the extent of the modification which has thereby been effected in some of the fundamental conceptions of the naturalist.

In the second edition of the *Règne Animal*, published in 1828, Cuvier devotes a special section to the "Division of Organized Beings into Animals and Vegetables," in which the question is treated with that comprehensiveness of knowledge and clear critical judgment which characterise his writings, and justify us in regarding them as representative expressions of the most extensive, if not the profoundest, knowledge of his time. He tells us that living beings have been sub-divided from the earliest times into *animated beings*, which possess sense and motion, and *inanimated beings*, which are devoid of these functions, and simply vegetate.

Although the roots of plants direct themselves towards moisture, and their leaves towards air and light; although the parts of some plants exhibit oscillating movements without any perceptible cause, and the leaves of others retract when touched, yet none of these movements justify the ascription to plants of perception or of will.

From the mobility of animals, Cuvier, with his characteristic partiality for teleological reasoning, deduces the necessity of the existence in them of an alimentary cavity or reservoir of food, whence their nutrition may be drawn by the vessels, which are a sort of internal roots; and in the presence of this alimentary cavity he naturally sees the primary and the most important distinction between animals and plants.

Following out his teleological argument, Cuvier remarks that the organization of this cavity and its appurtenances must needs vary according to the nature of the aliment, and the operations which it has to undergo, before it can be converted into substances fitted for absorption; while the atmosphere and the earth supply plants with juices ready prepared, and which can be absorbed immediately.

As the animal body required to be independent of heat and of the atmosphere, there were no means by which the motion of its fluids could be produced by internal causes. Hence arose the second great distinctive character of animals, or the circulatory system, which is less important than the digestive, since it was unnecessary, and therefore is absent, in the more simple animals.

Animals further needed muscles for locomotion and nerves for sensibility. Hence, says Cuvier, it was necessary that the chemical composition of the animal body should be more complicated than that of the plant; and it is so, inasmuch as an additional substance, nitrogen, enters into it as an essential element, while in plants nitrogen is only accidentally joined with the three other fundamental constituents of organic beings — carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Indeed, he afterwards affirms that nitrogen is peculiar to animals; and herein he places the third distinction between the animal and the plant.

The soil and the atmosphere supply plants with water, composed of hydrogen and oxygen; air, consisting of nitrogen and oxygen; and carbonic acid, containing carbon and oxygen. They retain the hydrogen and the

carbon, exhale the superfluous oxygen, and absorb little or no nitrogen. The essential character of vegetable life is the exhalation of oxygen, which is effected through the agency of light.

Animals, on the contrary, derive their nourishment either directly or indirectly from plants. They get rid of the superfluous hydrogen and carbon, and accumulate nitrogen.

The relations of plants and animals to the atmosphere are therefore inverse. The plant withdraws water and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, the animal contributes both to it. Respiration—that is, the absorption of oxygen and the exhalation of carbonic acid—is the specially animal function of animals, and constitutes their fourth distinctive character.

Thus wrote Cuvier in 1828. But in the fourth and fifth decades of this century, the greatest and most rapid revolution which biological science has ever undergone was effected by the application of the modern microscope to the investigation of organic structure; by the introduction of exact and easily manageable methods of conducting the chemical analysis of organic compounds; and finally, by the employment of instruments of precision for the measurement of the physical forces which are at work in the living economy.

That the semi-fluid contents (which we now term protoplasm) of the cells of certain plants, such as the *Chara*, are in constant and regular motion, was made out by Bonaventura Corti a century ago; but the fact, important as it was, fell into oblivion, and had to be rediscovered by Treviranus in 1807. Robert Brown noted the more complex motions of the protoplasm in the cells of *Tradescantia* in 1831; and now such movements of the living substance of plants are well known to be some of the most widely-prevalent phenomena of vegetable life.

Agardh, and other of the botanists of Cuvier's generation, who occupied themselves with the lower plants, had observed that, under particular circumstances, the contents of the cells of

certain water-weeds were set free and moved about with considerable velocity, and with all the appearances of spontaneity, as locomotive bodies, which, from their similarity to animals of simple organization, were called "zoospores."

Even as late as 1845, however, a botanist of Schleiden's eminence deals very sceptically with these statements; and his scepticism was the more justified, since Ehrenberg, in his elaborate and comprehensive work on the *Infusoria*, had declared the greater number of what are now recognised as locomotive plants to be animals.

At the present day, innumerable plants and free plant cells are known to pass the whole or part of their lives in an actively locomotive condition, in no wise distinguishable from that of one of the simpler animals; and, while in this condition, their movements are, to all appearance, as spontaneous—as much the product of volition—as those of such animals.

Hence the teleological argument for Cuvier's first diagnostic character—the presence in animals of an alimentary cavity, or internal pocket, in which they can carry about their nutriment, has broken down—so far, at least, as his mode of stating it goes. And with the advance of microscopic anatomy the universality of the fact itself among animals has ceased to be predicable. Many animals of even complex structure, which live parasitically within others, are wholly devoid of an alimentary cavity. Their food is provided for them, not only ready cooked but ready digested, and the alimentary canal, become superfluous, has disappeared. Again, the males of most Rotifers have no digestive apparatus; as a German naturalist has remarked, they devote themselves entirely to the "Minne-dienst," and are to be reckoned among the few realizations of the Byronic ideal of a lover. Finally, amidst the lowest forms of animal life, the speck of gelatinous protoplasm, which constitutes the whole body, has no permanent digestive cavity or mouth, but

takes in its food anywhere ; and digests, so to speak, all over its body.

But although Cuvier's leading diagnosis of the animal from the plant will not stand a strict test, it remains one of the most constant of the distinctive characters of animals. And if we substitute for the possession of an alimentary cavity, the power of taking solid nutriment into the body and there digesting it, the definition so changed will cover all animals, except certain parasites, and the few and exceptional cases of non-parasitic animals which do not feed at all. On the other hand, the definition thus amended will exclude all ordinary vegetable organisms.

Cuvier himself practically gives up his second distinctive mark when he admits that it is wanting in the simpler animals.

The third distinction is based on a completely erroneous conception of the chemical differences and resemblances between the constituents of animal and vegetable organisms, for which Cuvier is not responsible, as it was current among contemporary chemists.

It is now established that nitrogen is as essential a constituent of vegetable as of animal living matter ; and that the latter is, chemically speaking, just as complicated as the former. Starchy substances, cellulose and sugar, once supposed to be exclusively confined to plants, are now known to be regular and normal products of animals. Amylaceous and saccharine substances are largely manufactured, even by the highest animals : cellulose is widespread as a constituent of the skeletons of the lower animals ; and it is probable that amyloid substances are universally present in the animal organism, though not in the precise form of starch.

Moreover, although it remains true that there is an inverse relation between the green plant in sunshine and the animal, in so far as, under these circumstances, the green plant decomposes carbonic acid and exhales oxygen, while the animal absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid ; yet the exact investigations of the modern chemical inves-

tigator of the physiological processes of plants have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of attempting to draw any general distinction between animals and vegetables on this ground. In fact the difference vanishes with the sunshine, even in the case of the green plant ; which, in the dark, absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid like any animal. While those plants, such as the fungi, which contain no chlorophyll and are not green, are always, so far as respiration is concerned, in the exact position of animals. They absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid.

Thus, by the progress of knowledge, Cuvier's fourth distinction between the animal and the plant has been as completely invalidated as the third and second ; and even the first can be retained only in a modified form and subject to exceptions.

But has the advance of biology simply tended to break down old distinctions, without establishing new ones ?

With a qualification, to be considered presently, the answer to this question is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The famous researches of Schwann and Schleiden in 1837 and the following years, founded the modern science of histology, or that branch of anatomy which deals with the ultimate visible structure of organisms, as revealed by the microscope ; and from that day to this the rapid improvement of methods of investigation, and the energy of a host of accurate observers, have given greater and greater breadth and firmness to Schwann's great generalization, that a fundamental unity of structure obtains in animals and plants ; and that however diverse may be the fabrics, or *tissues*, of which their bodies are composed, all these varied structures result from the metamorphoses of morphological units (termed *cells*, in a more general sense than that in which the word "cells" was at first employed), which are not only similar in animals and in plants respectively, but present a close fundamental resemblance when those of animals and those of plants are compared together.

The contractility which is the fundamental condition of locomotion, has not only been discovered to exist far more widely among plants than was formerly imagined, but, in plants, the act of contraction has been found to be accompanied, as Dr. Burdon Sanderson's interesting investigations have shown, by a disturbance of the electrical state of the contractile substance comparable to that which was found by Du Bois Reymond to be a concomitant of the activity of ordinary muscle in animals.

Again, I know of no test by which the reaction of the leaves of the Sundew and of other plants to stimuli, so fully and carefully studied by Mr. Darwin, can be distinguished from those acts of contraction following upon stimuli, which are called "reflex" in animals.

On each lobe of the bilobed leaf of Venus's fly trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair and the lobes of the leaf instantly close together¹ in virtue of an act of contraction of part of their substance, just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its 'horns' is irritated.

The reflex action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. A molecular change takes place in the nerve of the tentacle, is propagated to the muscles by which the body is retracted, and causing them to contract, the act of retraction is brought about. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by which they are effected is the same; but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing.

The results of recent inquiries into the structure of the nervous system of animals converge towards the conclusion that the nerve fibres, which we have hitherto regarded as ultimate elements of nervous tissue, are not such, but are simply the visible aggregations of vastly more attenuated filaments,

¹ Darwin, *Insectivorous Plants*, p. 289.

the diameter of which dwindles down to the limits of our present microscopic vision, greatly as these have been extended by modern improvements of the microscope; and that a nerve is, in its essence, nothing but a linear tract of specially modified protoplasm between two points of an organism—one of which is able to affect the other by means of the communication so established. Hence it is conceivable that even the simplest living being may possess a nervous system. And the question whether plants are provided with a nervous system or not, thus acquires a new aspect, and presents the histologist and physiologist with a problem of extreme difficulty, which must be attacked from a new point of view and by the aid of methods which have yet to be invented.

Thus it must be admitted that plants may be contractile and locomotive; that, while locomotive, their movements may have as much appearance of spontaneity as those of the lowest animals; and that many exhibit actions comparable to those which are brought about by the agency of a nervous system in animals. And it must be allowed to be possible that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants. So that I know not where we can hope to find any absolute distinction between animals and plants, unless we return to their mode of nutrition, and inquire whether certain differences of a more occult character than those imagined to exist by Cuvier, and which certainly hold good for the vast majority of animals and plants, are of universal application.

A bean may be supplied with water in which salts of ammonia and certain other mineral salts are dissolved in due proportion; with atmospheric air containing its ordinary minute dose of carbonic acid; and with nothing else but sunlight and heat. Under these circumstances, unnatural as they are, with proper management, the bean will thrust forth its radicle and its plumule; the former will grow down into roots, the latter grow up

into the stem and leaves of a vigorous bean plant ; and this plant will, in due time, flower and produce its crop of beans, just as if it were grown in the garden or in the field.

The weight of the nitrogenous protein compounds, of the oily, starchy, saccharine and woody substances contained in the full-grown plant and its seeds, will be vastly greater than the weight of the same substances contained in the bean from which it sprang. But nothing has been supplied to the bean save water, carbonic acid, ammonia, potash, lime, iron, and the like, in combination with phosphoric, sulphuric and other acids. Neither protein, nor fat, nor starch, nor sugar, nor any substance in the slightest degree resembling them have formed part of the food of the bean. But the weights of the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and other elementary bodies contained in the bean-plant, and in the seeds which it produces, are exactly equivalent to the weights of the same elements which have disappeared from the materials supplied to the bean during its growth. Whence it follows that the bean has taken in only the raw materials of its fabric and has manufactured them into bean stuffs.

The bean has been able to perform this great chemical feat by the help of its green colouring matter, or chlorophyll, which, under the influence of sunlight, has the marvellous power of decomposing carbonic acid, setting free the oxygen and laying hold of the carbon which it contains. In fact the bean obtains two of the absolutely indispensable elements of its substance from two distinct sources ; the watery solution, in which its roots are plunged, contains nitrogen but no carbon ; the air, to which the leaves are exposed, contains carbon, but its nitrogen is in the state of a free gas, in which condition the bean can make no use of it ;¹ and the chlorophyll is the apparatus by which

the carbon is extracted from the atmospheric carbonic acid—the leaves being the chief laboratories in which this operation is effected.

The great majority of conspicuous plants are, as everybody knows, green ; and this arises from the abundance of their chlorophyll. The few which contain no chlorophyll and are colourless, are unable to extract the carbon which they require from atmospheric carbonic acid, and lead a parasitic existence upon other plants ; but it by no means follows, often as the statement has been repeated, that the manufacturing power of plants depends on their chlorophyll, and its interaction with the rays of the sun. On the contrary, it is easily demonstrated, as Pasteur first proved, that the lowest fungi, devoid of chlorophyll, or of any substitute for it, as they are, nevertheless possess the characteristic manufacturing powers of plants in a very high degree. Only it is necessary that they should be supplied with a different kind of raw material ; as they cannot extract carbon from carbonic acid, they must be furnished with something else that contains carbon. Tartaric acid is such a substance ; and if a single spore of the commonest and most troublesome of moulds—*Penicillium*—be sown in a saucer full of water, in which tartrate of ammonia, with a small percentage of phosphates and sulphates is contained, and kept warm, whether in the dark or exposed to light, it will, in a short time, give rise to a thick crust of mould, which contains many million times the weight of the original spore, in protein compounds and cellulose. Thus we have a very wide basis of fact for the generalization that plants are essentially characterized by their manufacturing capacity—by their power of working up mere mineral matters into complex organic compounds.

Contrariwise, there is a no less wide foundation for the generalization that animals, as Cuvier puts it, depend directly or indirectly upon plants for the materials of their bodies ; that is, either they are herbivorous, or they eat other animals which are herbivorous.

¹ I purposely assume that the air with which the bean is supplied in the case stated contains no ammoniacal salts.

But for what constituents of their bodies are animals thus dependent upon plants? Certainly not for their horny matter; nor for chondrin, the proximate chemical element of cartilage; nor for gelatine; nor for syntonin, the constituent of muscle; nor for their nervous or biliary substances; nor for their amyloid matters; nor, necessarily, for their fats.

It can be experimentally demonstrated that animals can make these for themselves. But that which they cannot make, but must, in all known cases, obtain directly or indirectly from plants, is the peculiar nitrogenous matter protein. Thus the plant is the ideal *prolétaire* of the living world, the worker who produces; the animal, the ideal aristocrat, who mostly occupies himself in consuming, after the manner of that noble representative of the line of Zähdarm, whose epitaph is written in *Sartor Resartus*.

Here is our last hope of finding a sharp line of demarcation between plants and animals; for, as I have already hinted, there is a border territory between the two kingdoms, a sort of no-man's land, the inhabitants of which certainly cannot be discriminated and brought to their proper allegiance in any other way.

Some months ago, Professor Tyndall asked me to examine a drop of infusion of hay, placed under an excellent and powerful microscope, and to tell him what I thought some organisms visible in it were. I looked and observed, in the first place, multitudes of *Bacteria* moving about with their ordinary intermittent spasmodic wriggles. As to the vegetable nature of these there is now no doubt. Not only does the close resemblance of the *Bacteria* to unquestionable plants, such as the *Oscillatoria*, and lower forms of *Fungi*, justify this conclusion, but the manufacturing test settles the question at once. It is only needful to add a minute drop of fluid containing *Bacteria*, to water in which tartrate, phosphate, and sulphate of ammonia are dissolved; and, in a very short space

of time, the clear fluid becomes milky by reason of their prodigious multiplication, which, of course, implies the manufacture of living *Bacterium*-stuff out of these merely saline matters.

But other active organisms, very much larger than the *Bacteria*, attaining in fact the comparatively gigantic dimensions of $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch or more, incessantly crossed the field of view. Each of these had a body shaped like a pear, the small end being slightly incurved and produced into a long curved filament, or *cilium*, of extreme tenuity. Behind this, from the concave side of the incurvation, proceeded another long cilium, so delicate as to be discernible only by the use of the highest powers and careful management of the light. In the centre of the pear-shaped body a clear round space could occasionally be discerned, but not always; and careful watching showed that this clear vacuity appeared gradually, and then shut up and disappeared suddenly, at regular intervals. Such a structure is of common occurrence among the lowest plants and animals, and is known as a *contractile vacuole*.

The little creature thus described sometimes propelled itself with great activity, with a curious rolling motion, by the lashing of the front cilium, while the second cilium trailed behind; sometimes it anchored itself by the hinder cilium and was spun round by the working of the other, its motions resembling those of an anchor buoy in a heavy sea. Sometimes, when two were in full career towards one another, each would appear dexterously to get out of the other's way; sometimes a crowd would assemble and jostle one another, with as much semblance of individual effort as a spectator on the Grands Mulets might observe with a telescope among the specks representing men in the valley of Chamounix.

The spectacle, though always surprising, was not new to me. So my reply to the question put to me was, that these organisms were what biologists call *Monads*, and though they might be animals, it was also possible that they might, like

the *Bacteria*, be plants. My friend received my verdict with an expression which showed a sad want of respect for authority. He would as soon believe that a sheep was a plant. Naturally piqued by this want of faith, I have thought a good deal over the matter; and as I still rest in the lame conclusion I originally expressed, and must even now confess that I cannot certainly say whether this creature is an animal or a plant, I think it may be well to state the grounds of my hesitation at length. But, in the first place, in order that I may conveniently distinguish this "Monad" from the multitude of other things which go by the same designation, I must give it a name of its own. I think (though for reasons which need not be stated at present, I am not quite sure) that it is identical with the species *Monas lens*, as defined by the eminent French microscopist Dujardin, though his magnifying power was probably insufficient to enable him to see that it is curiously like a much larger form of monad which he has named *Heteromita*. I shall, therefore, call it not *Monas*, but *Heteromita lens*.

I have been unable to devote to my *Heteromita* the prolonged study needful to work out its whole history, which would involve weeks, or it may be months, of unremitting attention. But I the less regret this circumstance, as some remarkable observations recently published by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale¹ on certain Monads, relate, in part, to a form so similar to my *Heteromita lens*, that the history of the one may be used to illustrate that of the other. These most patient and painstaking observers, who employed the highest attainable powers of the microscope and, relieving one another, kept watch day and night over the same individual monads, have been enabled to trace out the whole history of their *Heteromita*; which they found in

infusions of the heads of fishes of the Cod tribe.

Of the four monads described and figured by these investigators one, as I have said, very closely resembles *Heteromita lens* in every particular, except that it has a separately distinguishable central particle or "nucleus," which is not certainly to be made out in *Heteromita lens*; and that nothing is said by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale of the existence of a contractile vacuole in this monad, though they describe it in another.

Their *Heteromita*, however, multiplied rapidly by fission. Sometimes a transverse constriction appeared; the hinder half developed a new cilium, and the hinder cilium gradually split from its base to its free end, until it was divided into two; a process which, considering the fact that this fine filament cannot be much more than $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in diameter, is wonderful enough. The constriction of the body extended inwards until the two portions were united by a narrow isthmus; finally they separated, and each swam away by itself, a complete *Heteromita*, provided with its two cilia. Sometimes the constriction took a longitudinal direction, with the same ultimate result. In each case the process occupied not more than six or seven minutes. At this rate, a single *Heteromita* would give rise to a thousand like itself in the course of an hour, to about a million in two hours, and to a number greater than the generally assumed number of human beings now living in the world in three hours; or, if we give each *Heteromita* an hour's enjoyment of individual existence, the same result will be obtained in about a day. The apparent suddenness of the appearance of multitudes of such organisms as these in any nutritive fluid to which one obtains access, is thus easily explained.

During these processes of multiplication by fission, the *Heteromita* remains active; but sometimes another mode of fission occurs. The body becomes rounded and quiescent, or nearly so;

¹ "Researches in the Life-history of a Cercomonad: a Lesson in Biogenesis," and "Further Researches in the Life-history of the Monads."—*Monthly Microscopical Journal*, 1873.

and while in this resting state, divides into two portions, each of which is rapidly converted into an active *Heteromita*.

A still more remarkable phenomenon is that kind of multiplication which is preceded by the union of two monads, by a process which is termed *conjugation*. Two active *Heteromita* become applied to one another, and then slowly and gradually coalesce into one body. The two nuclei run into one; and the mass resulting from the conjugation of the two *Heteromita*, thus fused together, has a triangular form. The two pairs of cilia are to be seen, for some time, at two of the angles, which answer to the small ends of the conjoined monads; but they ultimately vanish, and the twin organism, in which all visible traces of organisation have disappeared, falls into a state of rest. Sudden wave-like movements of its substance next occur; and, in a short time, the apices of the triangular mass burst, and give exit to a dense yellowish, glairy fluid filled with minute granules. This process, which, it will be observed, involves the actual confluence and mixture of the substance of two distinct organisms, is effected in the space of about two hours.

The authors whom I quote say that they "cannot express" the excessive minuteness of the granules in question, and they estimate their diameter at less than $\frac{1}{200000}$ of an inch. Under the highest powers of the microscope at present applicable such specks are hardly discernible. Nevertheless, particles of this size are massive when compared to physical molecules; whence there is no reason to doubt that each, small as it is, may have a molecular structure sufficiently complex to give rise to the phenomena of life. And, as a matter of fact, by patient watching of the place at which these infinitesimal living particles were discharged, our observers assured themselves of their growth and development into new monads. These, in about four hours from their being set free, had attained a sixth of the length of the parent, with the characteristic cilia, though at first they were

quite motionless; and in four hours more they had attained the dimensions and exhibited all the activity of the adult. These inconceivably minute particles are therefore the germs of the *Heteromita*; and from the dimensions of these germs it is easily shown that the body formed by conjugation may, at a low estimate, have given exit to thirty thousand of them; a result of a matrimonial process whereby the contracting parties, without a metaphor, "become one flesh," enough to make a Malthusian despair of the future of the Universe.

I am not aware that the investigators from whom I have borrowed this history have endeavoured to ascertain whether their monads take solid nutriment or not; so that though they help us very much to fill up the blanks in the history of my *Heteromita*, their observations throw no light on the problem we are trying to solve—Is it an animal or is it a plant?

Undoubtedly it is possible to bring forward very strong arguments in favour of regarding *Heteromita* as a plant.

For example, there is a Fungus, an obscure and almost microscopic mould, termed *Peronospora infestans*. Like many other Fungi, the *Peronospora* are parasitic upon other plants; and this particular *Peronospora* happens to have attained much notoriety and political importance, in a way not without a parallel in the career of notorious politicians, namely, by reason of the frightful mischief it has done to mankind. For it is this *Fungus* which is the cause of the potato disease; and, therefore, *Peronospora infestans* (doubtless of exclusively Saxon origin, though not accurately known to be so) brought about the Irish famine. The plants afflicted with the malady are found to be infested by a mould, consisting of fine tubular filaments, termed *hyphae*, which burrow through the substance of the potato plant, and appropriate to themselves the substance of their host; while, at the same time, directly or indirectly, they set up chemical changes by which even its woody frame-

work becomes blackened, sodden and withered.

In structure, however, the *Peronospora* is as much a mould as the common *Penicillium*; and just as the *Penicillium* multiplies by the breaking up of its hyphæ into separate rounded bodies, the spores; so, in the *Peronospora*, certain of the hyphæ grow out into the air through the interstices of the superficial cells of the potato plant, and develop spores. Each of these hyphæ usually gives off several branches. The ends of the branches dilate and become closed sacs, which eventually drop off as spores. The spores falling on some part of the same potato plant, or carried by the wind to another, may at once germinate, throwing out tubular prolongations which become hyphæ, and burrow into the substance of the plant attacked. But, more commonly, the contents of the spore divide into six or eight separate portions. The coat of the spore gives way, and each portion then emerges as an independent organism, which has the shape of a bean, rather narrower at one end than the other, convex on one side, and depressed or concave on the opposite. From the depression, two long and delicate cilia proceed, one shorter than the other, and directed forwards. Close to the origin of these cilia, in the substance of the body, is a regularly pulsating contractile vacuole. The shorter cilium vibrates actively, and effects the locomotion of the organism, while the other trails behind; the whole body rolling on its axis with its pointed end forwards.

The eminent botanist, De Bary, who was not thinking of our problem, tells us, in describing the movements of these "Zoospores," that, as they swim about, "Foreign bodies are carefully avoided, and the whole movement has a deceptive likeness to the voluntary changes of place which are observed in microscopic animals."

After swarming about in this way in the moisture on the surface of a leaf or stem (which, firm though it may be, is an ocean to such a fish) for half an hour, more or less, the movement of the zoo-

spore becomes slower, and is limited to a slow turning upon its axis, without change of place. It then becomes quite quiet, the cilia disappear, it assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a distinct, though delicate membranous coat. A protuberance then grows out from one side of the sphere, and, rapidly increasing in length, assumes the character of a hypha. The latter penetrates into the substance of the potato plant, either by entering a stomate or by boring through the wall of an epidermic cell, and ramifies, as a mycelium, in the substance of the plant, destroying the tissues with which it comes in contact. As these processes of multiplication take place very rapidly, millions of spores are soon set free from a single infested plant; and from their minuteness they are readily transported by the gentlest breeze. Since again, the zoospores set free from each spore, in virtue of their powers of locomotion, swiftly disperse themselves over the surface, it is no wonder that the infection, once started, soon spreads from field to field, and extends its ravages over a whole country.

However, it does not enter into my present plan to treat of the potato disease, instructively as its history bears upon that of other epidemics; and I have selected the case of the *Peronospora* simply because it affords an example of an organism, which, in one stage of its existence, is truly a "Monad," indistinguishable by any important character from our *Heteromita*, and extraordinarily like it in some respects. And yet this "Monad" can be traced, step by step, through the series of metamorphoses which I have described, until it assumes the features of an organism, which is as much a plant as an oak or an elm is.

Moreover it would be possible to pursue the analogy further. Under certain circumstances, a process of conjugation takes place in the *Peronospora*. Two separate portions of its protoplasm become fused together, surround themselves with a thick coat, and give rise to a sort of vegetable egg called an *oospore*. After a period of rest, the

contents of the oospore break up into a number of zoospores like those already described, each of which, after a period of activity, germinates in the ordinary way. This process obviously corresponds with the conjugation and subsequent setting free of germs in the *Heteromita*.

But it may be said that the *Peronospora* is, after all, a questionable sort of plant; that it seems to be wanting in the manufacturing power, selected as the main distinctive character of vegetable life; or, at any rate, that there is no proof that it does not get its protein matter ready made from the potato plant.

Let us, therefore, take a case which is not open to these objections.

There are some small plants known to botanists as members of the genus *Coleochaete*, which, without being truly parasitic, grow upon certain water-weeds, as lichens grow upon trees. The little plant has the form of an elegant green star, the branching arms of which are divided into cells. Its greenness is due to its chlorophyll, and it undoubtedly has the manufacturing power in full degree, decomposing carbonic acid and setting free oxygen under the influence of sunlight.

But the protoplasmic contents of some of the cells of which the plant is made up occasionally divide, by a method similar to that which effects the division of the contents of the *Peronospora* spore; and the severed portions are then set free as active monad-like zoospores. Each is oval and is provided at one extremity with two long active cilia. Propelled by these, it swims about for a longer or shorter time, but at length comes to a state of rest and gradually grows into a *Coleochaete*.

Moreover, as in the *Peronospora*, conjugation may take place and result in an oospore; the contents of which divide and are set free as monadiform germs.

If the whole history of the zoospores of *Peronospora* and *Coleochaete* were unknown, they would undoubtedly be

classed among "Monads" with the same right as *Heteromita*; why then may not *Heteromita* be a plant, even though the cycle of forms through which it passes shows no terms quite so complex as those which occur in *Peronospora* and *Coleochaete*? And, in fact, there are some green organisms, in every respect characteristically plants, such as *Chlamydomonas*, and the common *Volvox*, or so-called "Globe animalcule," which run through a cycle of forms of just the same simple character as those of *Heteromita*.

The name of *Chlamydomonas* is applied to certain microscopic green bodies, each of which consists of a protoplasmic central substance invested by a structureless sac. The latter contains cellulose, as in ordinary plants; and the chlorophyll which gives the green colour enables the *Chlamydomonas* to decompose carbonic acid and fix carbon, as they do. Two long cilia protrude through the cell wall, and effect the rapid locomotion of this "monad," which, in all respects except its mobility, is characteristically a plant.

Under ordinary circumstances the *Chlamydomonas* multiplies by simple fission, each splitting into two or into four parts, which separate and become independent organisms. Sometimes, however, the *Chlamydomonas* divides into eight parts, each of which is provided with four, instead of two cilia. These "zoospores" conjugate in pairs, and give rise to quiescent bodies, which multiply by division, and eventually pass into the active state.

Thus, so far as outward form and the general character of the cycle of modifications through which the organism passes in the course of its life are concerned, the resemblance between *Chlamydomonas* and *Heteromita* is of the closest description. And on the face of the matter there is no ground for refusing to admit that *Heteromita* may be related to *Chlamydomonas*, as the colourless fungus is to the green alga. *Volvox* may be compared to a hollow sphere, the wall of which is made up of coherent *Chlamydomonads*; and which

progresses with a rotating motion effected by the paddling of the multitudinous pairs of cilia which project from its surface. Each *Volvox*-monad has a contractile vacuole like that of *Heteromita lens*; and moreover possesses a red pigment spot like the simplest form of eye known among animals.

The methods of fission multiplication and of conjugation observed in the monads of this locomotive globe are essentially similar to those observed in *Chlamydomonas*; and though a hard battle has been fought over it, *Volvox* is now finally surrendered to the Botanists.

Thus there is really no reason why *Heteromita* may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal.

For there are numerous organisms presenting the closest resemblance to *Heteromita*, and, like it, grouped under the general name of "Monads," which, nevertheless, can be observed to take in solid nutriment, and which therefore have a virtual, if not an actual, mouth and digestive cavity, and thus come under Cuvier's definition of an animal. Numerous forms of such animals have been described by Ehrenberg, Dujardin, H. James Clark and other writers on the *Infusoria*.

Indeed, in another infusion of hay in which my *Heteromita lens* occurred, there were innumerable infusorial animalcules belonging to the well known species *Colpoda cucullus*.¹

Full-sized specimens of this animalcule attain a length of between $\frac{1}{300}$ or $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch, so that it may have ten times the length and a thousand times the mass of a *Heteromita*. In shape it is not altogether unlike *Heteromita*. The small end, however, is not produced into one long cilium, but the general surface of the body is covered with small actively vibrating ciliary organs, which are only longest at the small end. At the point which answers to that from which

the two cilia arise in *Heteromita*, there is a conical depression, the mouth; and in young specimens a tapering filament, which reminds one of the posterior cilium of *Heteromita*, projects from this region.

The body consists of a soft granular protoplasmic substance, the middle of which is occupied by a large oval mass called the "nucleus;" while, at its hinder end, is a "contractile vacuole," conspicuous by its regular rhythmic appearances and disappearances. Obviously, although the *Colpoda* is not a monad, it differs from one only in subordinate details. Moreover, under certain conditions, it becomes quiescent, incloses itself in a delicate case or *cyst*, and then divides into two, four, or more portions, which are eventually set free and swim about as active *Colpoda*.

But this creature is an unmistakable animal, and full-sized *Colpoda* may be fed as easily as one feeds chickens. It is only needful to diffuse very finely ground carmine through the water in which they live, and, in a very short time, the bodies of the *Colpoda* are stuffed with the deeply coloured granules of the pigment.

And if this were not sufficient evidence of the animality of *Colpoda*, there comes the fact that it is even more similar to another well-known animalcule, *Paramæcium*, than it is to a monad. But *Paramæcium* is so huge a creature compared with those hitherto discussed—it reaches $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch or more in length—that there is no difficulty in making out its organization in detail; and in proving that it is not only an animal, but that it is an animal which possesses a somewhat complicated organization. For example, the surface layer of its body is different in structure from the deeper parts. There are two contractile vacuoles, from each of which radiates a system of vessel-like canals; and not only is there a conical depression continuous with a tube, which serve as mouth and gullet, but the food ingested takes a definite course and refuse is rejected from a definite region. Nothing is easier than to feed these

¹ Excellently described by Stein, almost all of whose statements I have verified.

animals and to watch the particles of indigo or carmine accumulate at the lower end of the gullet. From this they gradually project, surrounded by a ball of water, which at length passes with a jerk, oddly simulating a gulp, into the pulpy central substance of the body, there to circulate up one side and down the other, until its contents are digested and assimilated. Nevertheless, this complex animal multiplies by division, as the monad does, and, like the monad, undergoes conjugation. It stands in the same relation to *Heteromita* on the animal side, as *Coleochaete* does on the plant side. Start from either, and such an insensible series of gradations leads to the monad that it is impossible to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence, such as the *Myxomycetes*, are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein-matter, or are animals; and at another period manufacture it, or are plants. And seeing that the whole progress of modern investigation is in favour of the doctrine of continuity, it is a fair and probable speculation—though only a speculation—that, as there are some plants which can manufacture protein out of such

apparently intractable mineral matters as carbonic acid, water, nitrate of ammonia, and metallic salts; while others need to be supplied with their carbon and nitrogen in the somewhat less raw form of tartrate of ammonia and allied compounds; so there may be yet others, as is possibly the case with the true parasitic plants, which can only manage to put together materials still better prepared—still more nearly approximated to protein—until we arrive at such organisms as the *Psorospermice* and the *Panhistophyton*, which are as much animal as vegetable in structure, but are animal in their dependence on other organisms for their food.

The singular circumstance observed by Meyer, that the *Torula* of yeast, though an indubitable plant, still flourishes most vigorously when supplied with the complex nitrogenous substance, pepsin; the probability that the *Peronospora* is nourished directly by the protoplasm of the potato plant; and the wonderful facts which have recently been brought to light respecting insectivorous plants, all favour this view; and tend to the conclusion that the difference between animal and plant is one of degree rather than of kind; and that the problem whether, in a given case, an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.

T. H. HUXLEY.

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